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The Trial of Dean Acheson

THE circumstantial stories about peace-feelers from Peking and Moscow have petered out, along with the bombastic announcements from Tokio that the Chinese armies in Korea have been finally smashed. Once again the American wish was father to the American news story. For obvious reasons, the State Department has been desperately anxious to remove the impression that American policy has knocked on the head the possibility of a cease-fire resulting from U.N. victory in Korea. This time, however, Mr. Acheson cannot blame General MacArthur for intervening to frustrate a Washington peace initiative. It was Mr. Rusk, head of the State Department Far Eastern section, who coolly chose the moment when the U.N. armies had created a chance of negotiating from strength, to announce that, in American eyes, Peking is a Russian puppet and that America backed Chiang Kai-shek as the representative of Chinese freedom! No statement could have been more nicely calculated to destroy any possibility of a cease-fire or to kill any peace-feelers from Peking and Moscow.

So, once again, our soldiers are storming across the 38th Parallel with no clearly defined strategic or political objectives. We seem to have learnt precisely nothing since last October. True enough, General Bradley has hinted that the Pentagon would be content with something short of the complete occupation of Korea; but he added that the U.S. should not be prepared to make the admission of Communist China into the United Nations part of a peace bargain. The U.S., in fact, is still demanding something near unconditional surrender in Korea. Peking's claims to Formosa, to United Nations representation, even to recognition as a *de facto* Government, are all rejected as rank appeasement. The only concession is the vague suggestion of a neutralised zone variously placed between the Yalu River and the 38th Parallel.

The attitude of the State Department is only understandable in terms of American domestic policy. The Senate Committee has treated MacArthur not as the defendant, but as an honoured expert witness. It is Mr. Acheson who, when his time comes, will be the prisoner in the dock, charged with the crime of basing American policy on the assumption that Communists and non-Communists can co-exist peacefully in one world. To achieve acquittal—or at least a verdict of not-proven—he must above all eradicate the impression that he ever favoured "British appeasement." In order to save his Secretary of State, therefore, Mr. Truman needs a cease-fire in Korea—but on American terms. Then he could turn to the Republicans and say "Look! What neither extreme—British appeasement and MacArthur's all-out war—could achieve, has been won by Mr. Acheson's middle way, a policy of toughness just short of all-out war."

This middle way, however, is nothing but wish-fulfilment. MacArthur at least had logic on his side in stating that America cannot impose unconditional surrender on China except by defeating her in war; and the only real alternative to his policy is a negotiated settlement in which both sides make substantial concessions. The choice lies between the British policy and MacArthurism; and, if he repudiates the former, Mr. Acheson will be driven faster and faster into accepting the latter.

Of course, there is one other possibility. The Korean slaughter can go on and on and on, because of the exigencies of American domestic politics.

The Oil Dispute

Mr. Morrison's statement on Tuesday made it clear that the Government is at last reconciled to the nationalisation of Persian oil "provided the settlement is satisfactory in other respects"—the first confirmation in London of an assurance given orally to Dr. Moussadeq nearly two weeks ago. This is facing the facts as they should have been faced at the beginning. But the Foreign Secretary is still clinging to the legal argument about unilateral repudiation of the 1933 Agreement. This, perhaps, is understandable: it is the basis of the appeal to the Hague Court, and it would be the only legal foundation for counter-measures by Britain if the Persian Government carried things to the point of attempting physically to take over the oil-wells and the Abadan refinery. But to anyone familiar with the circumstances in which the original concession was revised in 1933, it is not particularly convincing. Any Nationalist regime in Persia could, if it wished, find ample argument against the 1933 Agreement. On this point, Britain has the law but not the evidence.

The Persian Government, however, is faced with an emptying Treasury, and with appalling technical difficulties if it attempts to take over and run the oil industry. These factors must weigh with it, and it has announced its willingness to discuss with "the former Company" both compensation and future supplies of oil for British needs. If talks can be started, the flash-

point will have passed. But the talks will not succeed unless Britain gets off its legal high horse and discusses the facts instead of the law.

Full Circle in Paris

The tragi-comedy of the Paris talks has now completed the political circle. In the beginning, it will be recalled, the Russian proposal was that the Foreign Ministers should discuss Germany—its rearmament, its political future—and nothing else. To this the Western rejoinder was that the question of Germany could be considered only within the whole framework of international tensions and the general level of armaments. To-day agreement on an agenda—"split," indeed, into variant versions, which would leave the Foreign Ministers themselves to decide at which stage Germany should be discussed—is deadlocked by the insistence of Mr. Gromyko that, if the "general level of armaments" is to figure on the agenda, the item must include a specific reference to the North Atlantic Treaty and the build-up of American bases in Europe and North Africa. Since by no manner of means could the Western Foreign Ministers expect to prevent Mr. Vyshinsky from enlarging on the "aggressiveness" of N.A.T.O. in the event of a Conference being held, it is a little difficult to see why Dr. Jessup boggles at the inclusion of this item on the agenda. It is equally obscure why the Russians should attach so much importance to this point of form if they are still, in fact, anxious that the Big Four should meet. This, if reports are true, is now to be tested by a Western Note to Moscow.

Italy Votes

In the first round of municipal elections in northern Italy, the effects of intensive campaigning by the Church, combined with wholesale "anti-Red" *apparentements* appear to have been much as might be expected. Communist administrations have been ousted from Venice, Genoa, Ravenna, Cremona, Novara and Ancona; but the Communists have retained an absolute majority in Bologna, Savona, and one or two other towns of importance. In these results there are two factors which Signor de Gasperi can hardly find comforting. His own party, the Christian Democrats, has done badly: it has lost heavily in many places both to the "classical" Right and, disquietingly, to the neo-Fascists, the M.S.I., whose poll in some cities was more than trebled. Furthermore, the vote for the Left—Communist and Nenni Socialists—rose appreciably in every city in comparison with the poll in the 1948 General Election.

Socialists and the Schuman Plan

The Labour and Socialist parties of the countries which are parties to the Schuman Plan held a meeting this week under Comisco auspices to discuss what line they should take. Mr. Morgan Phillips was in the chair, as Chairman of Comisco; but the British Labour Party was not represented. The German Social-Democrats reasserted their objections to the Plan in its present form, on the ground that German industry needs building up without restrictions before it can enter into a binding partnership with the other countries, and that the Plan is much too like a re-creation of the old restrictive cartel. The Luxembourg Socialists were also hesitant; and the meeting, leaving each party free to take its own line, had to content itself with a general affirmation of the desirability of some sort of pool for coal and steel.

Meanwhile, the Plan is at the final stage, awaiting ratification by the Governments concerned; and nothing more is likely to happen until the French General Election is over. Study of the full text of the Plan, which is now available, leaves it no easier than before to predict how it will actually work. There is an immense amount of machinery, and no one knows whether the real power will rest with the new High Authority or with the Council of Ministers, or whether the result will be a restrictive cartel or an expansive planning of West European output. Least of all can it be confidently said how the Plan is likely to react on Great Britain, either by narrowing the European market for British steel or by affecting the supply of North African ores to the British market.

Demonstration in Cape Town

The torchlight rally of ex-Servicemen, headed by Group Captain Malan and the Boer veteran Commandant de la Rey, which was held outside the South African Parliament on Monday in protest against the Union Government's racial policy, was clearly an impressive demonstration. On a later page, our special correspondent, Basil Davidson, who is touring South Africa, deals with the particular issue of the Coloured Franchise Bill. The United Party, he comments, has compromised itself too deeply on the question of colour, to put up an effective Parliamentary resistance against *Apartheid* measures. Monday's rally, however, shows that, outside Parliament, there are many thousands of Whites who are beginning to realise that racial segregation, in terms of Nationalist Party policy, is not merely dishonourable but likely to prove ruinous to the future of the Union.

Revaluation?

Proposals for an upward revaluation of sterling and of other European currencies are again being aired in a number of quarters. The E.C.E. Report argues strongly in favour of a general writing-up in Western Europe as a means of checking inflationary tendencies, and urges the adoption of a system of flexible exchange rates on the ground that stable rates cannot work satisfactorily in an unstable world economic situation. As against this, the Monetary Fund authorities hold to the policy of exchange stability, but are urging the removal or modification of exchange controls as between the dollar area and the rest of the world; and there is considerable American pressure for a revaluation of sterling, now that willingness to hold it has increased.

These sharp differences of view are, of course, related to different estimates of what is likely to happen during the coming months. The E.C.E. view is that prices will continue to rise sharply, both for materials and for finished goods inside the Western countries, and that currency revaluation is a necessary instrument for checking inflation; whereas here at any rate the official view seems to be that the boom in the prices of materials is over and that only moderate rises in internal prices are likely—a view which depends on the trade unions remaining exceedingly moderate in their demands for higher wages. For our part, we greatly doubt this latter interpretation of current trends; but we also doubt whether a revaluation of sterling would have much effect on internal prices. We feel sure that the British authorities, especially in view of rearmament, cannot afford to abandon control over the supply of dollars. It would, no doubt, feel nice to be able to write up our export prices to levels corresponding to the inflated prices we are having to pay for our imports; but can we at present afford the risk?

Americanising U.N. Agencies

Nothing is more calculated to destroy the permanent values of the U.N. specialised agencies than the tactics now being employed by the U.S. Systematically, they are being made the instruments of the Cold War. The Food and Agriculture Organisation, Unesco, the World Health Organisation and the International Labour Organisation were conceived as things quite apart from the political rough-and-tumble of the U.N. Assembly and the Security Council. They were created as separate organisations with their own general conferences, executives and budgets because, like the I.L.O. which survived the fate of the political League of Nations, they were to have a viable existence and long-term objectives. True, they can operate to-day in only two-thirds of the world; but they still mean a great deal to the "have-nots." With all the disabilities of restricted budgets and in spite of the fact that they are constantly being by-passed by Marshall Aid, military assistance, Truman programmes and Britain's colonial activities, they have begun to do a good job.

The first invasion of their charter-rights came over Korea when, on U.S. insistence, they were ordered to "follow the flag" and produce programmes in support of military intervention—though what they could do in a war situation was insignificant. Now the Americans are determined to regularise this camp-follower role by introducing resolutions at this year's general conferences pledging the organisations, "upon request of the Security Council or General Assembly," to furnish emergency assistance. The significance was not lost on delegates at the W.H.O. general conference, the first to be brought into line. It means that the specialised agencies are now embroiled in the politics of the U.N. General Assembly. This was resented in the debate, but the issue was a foregone conclusion; the U.S. resolution was carried by 22 votes but, significantly, with 17 abstentions.

Entry to the University

University prospects for the coming academic year are bound up with the risk of a serious fall in the supply of scholarships financed from public funds. The post-war Further Education and Training scheme is now almost at an end; and the special scheme of four-year training grants for intending teachers has also been wound up. The Ministry of Education has already announced an increase in the number of

State scholarships to offset the second of these adverse factors; but the gap caused by the cessation of F.E.T. grants can be filled only if the Local Education Authorities make a further big increase in the number of their awards. The L.E.A.s have been steadily doing more year by year; but they now find themselves in the dilemma of being bound to go farther by one section of the Ministry while another section is urging them to make considerable overall economies. Broadly the position is that, out of about 20,000 University entrants, only 5,000 can be expected to meet their own costs or to be seen through with the aid of school scholarships and private trusts. Another 2,000 can be financed from overseas, leaving 13,000 in need of help from public funds. State scholarships now number 2,000, and the Universities' own awards about 1,100. The residue of F.E.T. grants is 100. This leaves not many fewer than 10,000 to be looked after by L.E.A.s—or not at all. Last year the L.E.A.s provided for 8,850: will they face an increase of roughly 1,000 for the coming year, or should the Ministry step into the breach? Some will doubtless answer that there will be no harm in allowing the University entry to fall; but will the fall exclude the least deserving? And, as our University provision is well below that of other advanced countries in proportion to population, ought there not to be an increase rather than a reduction?

Vanishing Drugs

Among the consequences of rearmament must be reckoned a grim warning from the World Health Organisation. It is not just raw materials and weapons which the Powers are stockpiling; life-saving drugs and insecticides like D.D.T. are disappearing from the public health programmes. Innumerable lives may be lost without a shot being fired. The control of malaria, for example, is one of the greatest victories of peace. In Cyprus and Sardinia the disease has been banished; other large regions with populations amounting to 50,000,000—about the population of Britain—have been liberated and will remain malaria-free as long as D.D.T. supplies are available. In all, some 450,000,000 people are vitally affected by present anti-malaria schemes designed not only to reduce disease but to increase food-production in near-famine areas, where malaria-ridden workers cannot plant or harvest their crops. With the insecticides disappearing into the stockpiles, the malaria risks are greater than before the schemes, because the populations are losing the tolerance which they had formerly built up to chronic malaria in endemic areas.

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Socialism and Rearmament

EVERY week that passes since the Budget statement brings fresh evidence of the inadequacy of the Government's economic policy. Even those trade union leaders who normally give the Chancellor unstinted—and unthinking—support are unable to swallow a Budget which permits profits to swell while living standards are driven down and the real value of social security is rapidly undermined. To advocate wage restraint under such conditions, as the Chancellor would have them do, would be to forfeit altogether the loyalty of their followers. Yet the attempt to catch up with soaring prices by means of increased wages is bound to be ruinous, since it would increase the inflation. The T.U.C. feels itself in an ideological dilemma, unable either to support the Chancellor or to oppose him outright. What it is searching for is an alternative policy, under which profits, prices and wages could be kept in balance, so as to preserve the structure of the Welfare State and of full employment during the three-year rearmament programme.

Is such stabilisation possible? On another page we print a long and thoughtful letter from Mr. Balogh and Mr. Seers, which grapples with this problem. They believe that, even with the existing rearmament programme, much more could be done to counteract the effects of inflation if only the Government were prepared to use the full panoply of physical controls, subsidies, rationing and limitation of profits which was employed during the war. Such measures, however, as the writers admit, are only palliatives. They might deaden the pain: they would not cure the disease. That disease is caused by the attempt to inject into a peace-time economy a larger dose of physical rearmament than it can stand; and Mr. Balogh and Mr. Seers rightly devote the major part of their letter to exposing the political and economic fallacies on which the decision last December to increase the rearmament programme was based. Politically, that decision might be expected to provoke a Russian attack, fear of which is its only justification; economically, through dislocation and industrial unrest, it will reduce, not merely our standard of living but our military strength—as well as involving the abandonment of the Colombo Plan.

The conclusion is clear enough. So long as the present rate of rearmament is accepted as necessary both here and in America, there is no Socialist formula for avoiding the disastrous evils of inflation; those evils can be palliated by controls, but not cured. Any alternative policy, therefore, must assume as its premise a revision of the absolute priority now given to physical rearmament. The Government will have to return to the conception, preached so often up till last winter by Mr. Attlee, that social and economic policies, both at home and abroad, are democracy's first line of defence against Communist expansion. All our difficulties to-day are due to the single fact that the Cabinet last December was rushed into surrendering this central principle of its policy, and hurriedly accepted a scale of rearmament far greater than our economy can sustain. Mr. Bevan and his colleagues would be deluding themselves and the Labour Movement if they sought to avoid raising this central issue in the "Great Debate" which must take place between now and October, when the Labour Party meets in conference at Scarborough. They must make it clear that the Conference will have to choose between the present rate of rearmament and the survival of social democracy itself.

The Catch at Bonn

DR. ADENAUER has won the first round in his struggle against Western Germany's new Nazis. The slander action brought by the Federal Cabinet against Otto Ernst Remer, leader of the Socialist Reich Party, has yielded a four months' prison sentence. In recent election speeches in Lower Saxony, Remer had declared that the Federal Government was no more than a "command relay post" of the Western Allies, and that West German Cabinet Ministers had reserved quarters in London in case Western Germany was invaded; and a court at Werden, in the very province where he achieved his election triumph, found him guilty of having accused the Government of cowardice and dishonesty. So far so good. The Federal Government has been able to assert its moral authority, if no more, in a constituent State which numbers among its population 400,000 declared enemies of the Republic, its constitution, and its Government. But where does Dr. Adenauer go from here?

Whatever the general complexion of the Adenauer Government, it cannot be suspected, at the present time, of being in sympathy with the extremist parties of either Left or Right, although Dr. Schumacher is hardly wrong in suggesting that its economic and financial policy is sending plenty of grist to the mills of both. Ridden with internal dissension, Dr. Adenauer's Right-wing coalition is precariously balanced, and it is having a difficult time in the Federal Parliament which, in view of what M. Schuman is allowing to happen in the Saar, may even now refuse to ratify the Schuman Plan. Sooner or later, this will make it necessary for the Chancellor to broaden the basis of his Cabinet further to the Right and seek support in areas which border rather closely on the Remer territory. But as yet the Chancellor seems genuinely determined to build fences rather than bridges; his main anxiety is to prevent the combined, though not necessarily co-ordinated, pressure of Communists and Nazis from nibbling its way to the centre.

The first fruit of this anxiety is the so-called "Law against Dictator Parties" which Dr. Lehr, successor to Dr. Heinemann in the Ministry of the Interior, has just drafted. Dr. Lehr, an energetic man with considerable administrative experience, especially in the Ruhr, knows better than any one that mere proscription is

no remedy. With Allied control over the licensing of political parties removed, Remer's party can always spring up under a new name and add to its support and glory by publicising its martyrdom. Dr. Lehr is therefore trying to cast the new law's terms of reference as wide as possible, the object being to prevent "dictator parties" from springing up at all. The law will require all parties to declare the sources of their funds, leaving it to the Federal Parliament to decide whether such sources are legal and, in the event of an adverse decision, to pronounce any such party illegal and dissolved. This provision will not only ask the Communist Party to explain how, with a 70 per cent. drop in membership, it can continue to afford its sustained and far-flung propaganda campaigns. It may also reveal that Remer's Socialist Reich Party and other groups on the extreme Right are financed, as many believe they are, from Eastern Germany. The law also provides for special authorities to be set up in each *Land* to investigate the organisation and leadership of political parties and, as a constitutional basis for such inquiries, it establishes the general principle that every party must have a normally elected central executive and must not be subject to a single man or junta.

But how is Dr. Lehr going to enforce his law? At present the Federal Government has at its disposal a Federal Police Force of 30,000 men which can go into action on behalf of the Central Government, in any of the constituent *Laender*, but only in an emergency; and it is for the respective *Land* Government to determine whether such an emergency exists. It may call for help from the Central Government, but it need not, and the Central Government may not interfere unless invited to do so. Quite apart from the fact that 30,000 Federal police are hopelessly inadequate to deal with even a minor *coup d'état* among 50 million people, the possibilities of a Cold Putsch, with the connivance or tacit tolerance of the local *Land* police, are so manifold that these men may never get a chance. It would not be surprising, therefore, if Dr. Adenauer (or Dr. Schumacher, for that matter, should he succeed him) were to try to blame the Allies if things start going seriously wrong.

Of course, the Constitution is hampering the Government, and there is everything to be said for the Allies making sure that no Federal Government can reasonably blame them for an internal upheaval, be it a Nazi or Communist Putsch, or for an economic collapse, which would be an equal threat to the solidity of the Atlantic Front. But the Allies should be just as careful not to accept more than their fair share of responsibility for the apparent deficiencies of the Constitution. One glance at its origins will show why. To say that the Basic Law was "imposed by the Allies" is a dangerous over-simplification. The Basic Law undoubtedly owes its existence to Allied initiative as formulated in the so-called Six Power "London Documents" of June, 1948. But, as it finally emerged, it was a compromise between Allied precepts and German concepts, and this compromise took nine months of bitter haggling to reach, from July, 1948, to May, 1949. What is more, concepts and precepts alike, born from muddled thinking and a not altogether excusable inability to foresee the immediate future, were in their turn the results of compromise laboriously achieved in the Allied as well as the German camp. There were centralists and decentralists on both sides. The Americans advocated ultra-federalism largely because it is a system they know and which suits them well enough at home, while the French insisted on decentralisation down to ridiculous levels because what now seems a threat to security appeared then as its best guarantee. The French, and to a lesser degree the British, feared that a police force controlled centrally by a determined and not over-scrupulous Government might quickly become what the People's Police is now in Eastern Germany—a potentially aggressive army—and the best way of draining the Central Government of excessive determination was to keep it short of funds.

German counsels were equally, if not more sharply, divided on the crucial twin issues. One did not have to be a German Socialist to see that Dr. Schumacher was correct in insisting on a much larger measure of legislative and executive authority for the Central Government if there was to be any prospect of integrating refugees and returned prisoners of war and guarding against extremist movements on the Right and Left. Nor need one be a German Christian Democrat to see why Dr. Adenauer had no choice but to put his money on the French-American horse. He had to accept far more decentralisation than he himself may have considered helpful to effective government if he was to retain the support of the Bavarian Christian Socialists and their ultra-federalist and even separatist friends. The Germans themselves were never agreed as to what they wanted.

It is as well to remind oneself of this in the present discussions which aim at restoring virtually full sovereignty to the Federal Republic. The West German State is artificial, and no amount of fiddling with its constitution can turn it into a natural organism. The comparative solidity and stability which it shows at present is due, in no small degree, to Allied restrictions and "impositions" which bind it together. Germans would never admit this, but that makes it not less true. Then, as now, their protests against "Allied impositions" are more often than not symptoms, if not excuses, for their own inability to work out, and agree on, a constitutional concept which answers the requirements of the unenviably unique position in which their State finds itself. Dr. Adenauer is more than ever dependent on Bavarian and South-West German support, and the anti-centralist tendencies of these confederates have not lessened in the past two years. Were the Allies to permit him to revise the constitution in order to strengthen the authority of his Central Government, Dr. Adenauer could be by no means certain that parliament would pass such an amendment. It might easily be the undoing of his uneasy Coalition. Dr. Adenauer may find that he is buying something from the Allied High Commissioners at Petersberg which he can sell at the *Bundeshaus* only at a loss, if at all. He may yet be thankful for the "imposed constitution"—and try to work his new anti-dictator law as best he can.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

London Diary

MR. GORDON-WALKER'S explanation of his reasons for refusing to allow Tshekedi to return to the Bamangwato tribe would have been more convincing if he had referred to the main reason of public disquiet about the matter. Tshekedi has renounced any claim to be chief and is both loyal and friendly to Seretse Khama. Therefore the argument that his return to look after his cattle herds as a private person would cause dissension in the country appears to have lapsed. That he is an able and reasonable man who could be valuable to the British Administration, the Minister does not deny; on the contrary, he stresses the desire of the Government to use Tshekedi's services outside his own tribal area. The Minister says that "many people" in Bechuanaland were opposed to his return, and has described a mass assembly where strong feelings were expressed against Tshekedi's return. To this Tshekedi's reply is that his supporters were told by British officials not to be present, and that the opposition to him was based on the carefully fostered idea that there was still dissension between him and Seretse. Tshekedi also produces written evidence—I am not the only person to whom he has shown it—that those who were present were instructed by British officials about what they should say. He adds that some of the officials concerned have been unfriendly to him ever since his temporary banishment and successful come-back in 1933. The Minister's case looks thin—or should I say transparent? Through it one sees the fact that if Tshekedi goes back reconciled on all points with Seretse Khama, the official case for the exile of Seretse is at an end. Seretse was thrown out because his marriage to a white woman was displeasing to South Africa. Tshekedi is punished by exile to support the case for keeping Seretse out.

* * *

Mr. Gordon-Walker might have done better to be more frank about this. No one would have been surprised; this kind of meanness is generally accepted as sometimes necessary in politics. The real argument, I suppose, is that the South African Government has an aggressive programme in Africa which includes swallowing up the Protectorates, and that the Dominions Office, as their protector, is opposed to anything which would serve Dr. Malan with even a flimsy excuse for aggression. Whitehall has other schemes (likely to be published before long) which include setting up some form of Central African Dominion based on combining the purely African territory of Nyasaland and the almost wholly African territory of Northern Rhodesia with the White-dominated territory of South Rhodesia. Can this proposal mean anything but setting up a new, smaller replica of South Africa in central Africa, with a further threat to Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland? What safeguards can there be? The inquiry into the affairs of the Bamangwato for which Tshekedi very reasonably asks seems less important than an inquiry into British policy towards the three Protectorates. At present the African councils in these territories of which the Minister speaks seem to be only

on paper. In the whole of British Africa these Protectorates are alone in not having legislative councils. The present direct and almost arbitrary rule of British officials in the Bamangwato is, one would have thought, only too likely to lead to just such troubles as would encourage South African interference. Ominous propaganda about the three Protectorates is already on foot in South Africa; it recalls the preparations for the bogus referendum that led to the seizure of South-West Africa. Protection from London is unlikely to seem real as long as the chief official in charge of the Bamangwato is a South African and the High Commissioner for South Africa is the same person as the High Commissioner for the Protectorates.

* * *

Burglars should not misread last Monday's judgment in the King's Bench Division upholding a decorous breaking-and-entering by the gas man into the home of Mr. Charles Grove of Edmonton. Repeatedly unable to find Mr. Grove at home, he took with him (said Mr. Justice Hilbery) "a skilled carpenter and a duly authenticated document." Under the Gas Act, 1848, this is a formidable combination. It works in broad daylight because it believes (rightly, said the Judge) that the law approves of it. The skilled carpenter took the glass out of a window while the gas man showed the duly authenticated document to the woman next door (you may think this strange, but I can understand it: he had no one else to show it to, since the carpenter was busy). The carpenter went in at the window and came triumphantly out at the front door. When the gas man had read the meter and taken out the shillings, the carpenter replaced the glass and they went away. Promptly, perhaps before the putty was dry, Mr. Grove took up the cause of the Englishman's Castle—relying on a doctrine which, through centuries of growing domestic security, has gradually substituted putty for the expensive and cumbersome drawbridge. A jury said that, if the judge held that the gas man was legally a trespasser, Mr. Grove ought to get £150. No, said the judge, he should have nothing. Gas men had called at his house seven or eight times and they had thrice left pre-paid postcards on which Mr. Grove could have declared himself at home to the Gas Board. They were entitled to break in.

* * *

Further, as they say, to mine of last week about food at this otherwise delightful Festival Exhibition (how right Priestley was on the B.B.C. about the diffusion of happiness from the lights on the South Bank!) I must say that the coffee obtainable on the South Bank is now quite first-class, that it is surely odd to have opened the Pleasure Gardens at Battersea with all the restaurants apparently unfinished except a cafeteria (fish and chips, bread and butter and good coffee at 3s.) and that the worst reports about food continue to come to me from the restaurant in the Festival Hall which is an L.C.C. affair. This is a magnificent and comfortable place with a glorious view, and the L.C.C. should surely be building up a habit amongst Londoners of dining in the building where they listen to their concert. We are not learning this, because the L.C.C. do not let us in early enough to have an unhurried dinner before the concert and because by all accounts the food is expensive and not agreeable.

* * *

The Times rarely makes jokes. On Monday of this week a three-line news item at the bottom of the second column of the Home News page about a Young Conservative who "jumped by parachute with a message from Lord Woolton to a rally of Sussex Conservatives" was headed "Tory Policy Down to Earth." Nothing! very brilliant about that, you will say. No, but then it was very inconspicuously printed. The last big *Times* joke that I recall was somewhere in the early 'Thirties when Beaverbrook and Rothermere revolted against Baldwin and tried to run their own Party candidates. Rothermere came to terms, but Beaverbrook continued with his separate Empire Trade Party. *The Times* solemnly announced the escape of two monkeys from the Zoo, and on the day that Rothermere came to terms announced that one of them had been captured, but that the other was still at large. One other *Times* joke comes into my head; it appeared some forty years earlier and was inserted by a compositor under sentence of dismissal. It is quite unprintable. CRITIC

TELL THE PEOPLE

A Minister has been put in charge of public information.—*News Item.*

Trust the people. They respect
Official information;
But in return they can expect
A fearless, frank, courageous lead.
The public no reports will heed
Based on misjudged intelligence
And showing plain incompetence
Or gross miscalculation.

Tell the people. They will be
Attentive to instructions;
For information policy
Formed from full knowledge of the facts
Can regulate the people's acts.
But rather let them act alone,
If all the facts must not be known
Than broadcast false deductions.

What kind of people are we, pray?
Not made of sugar candy.
And if great gales are on the way
Appropriate channels should inform
The public of the gathering storm.
Far better we be told the worst
Than left exposed, when storms have burst,
With no umbrella handy.

Tell the people. State reserve
Is too much altogether!
No tempest shakes the public nerve,
But citizens have had enough
Of sheer unmitigated bluff;
And though the people know of old,
It is not Government controlled,
The British people *must* be told
The truth about the weather.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

She added she was not very abusive but she did call Mr. Williams "a monkey-faced, button-eyed old ——."—*Liverpool Echo.* (G. W. Vaughan.)

"Spotlight on Science" Number 1 is now ready. It includes radio and the weather, food and raw materials, wool and pills for protecting us from atom bombs.—Advt. in *The Times Educational Supplement.* (Eileen M. Blackall.)

On May 6 Beaney called at his house and, brandishing a chopper, used abusive language. "I told him not to do that on a Sunday," went on Broadhurst. At 5 a.m. on May 8, Broadhurst alleged, Beaney walked into his bedroom and hit him 12 times on the head with a chopper. Afterwards they took a cup of tea together in the bedroom.—*News of the World.* (Olga Edwardes.)

The Gaullist Threat

THE election hoardings are just beginning to go up, but most of the candidates' posters have not yet been printed. The delay is due to the fact that it wasn't until last Saturday that the *apparentements* in the various French constituencies were officially announced. They contain relatively few surprises. As was provided in the election law, the Paris area (*i.e.*, the Seine and Seine-et-Oise departments) will vote on the basis of P.R.; in the rest of France some 15 (out of the 90) departments—each department being usually a single multi-member constituency—will have no *apparentements* and, failing a 50 per cent. majority for any single candidate, will also be represented according to P.R. The rest of the departments fall into three categories. In most, either the Third Force parties proper—Socialists, M.R.P. and Radicals—will be "associated," or there will be a larger "association" stretching all the way from the Socialists to the extreme non-Gaullist Right; finally, there will be some fifteen constituencies where the Gaullists will be "associated" with either the so-called Right-wing "Independents" (many of them Gaullists in disguise) or, in a few cases, with the M.R.P. or the Radicals. In a number of cases the Gaullists rejected overtures from the others: the most notable case was that of M. Schuman, the Foreign Minister, who, in the Moselle, was flatly turned down by the Gaullists to whom he had offered an "anti-Red alliance." In other constituencies, however, it worked the other way: it was the Gaullists who were snubbed by the "moderate" candidates. This shows that there is still a good deal of faith in the Third Force which, for all its faults, stands at least for one positive thing—the preservation in France (if not in the "Empire") of a certain vital minimum of political liberty which is part of the "French way of life."

It is too early to attempt any serious forecasts of the election results, or to say in how many departments P.R. will work through failure of the "associations" to get their 50 per cent. The answer depends on many factors. How will the women vote? As in England, so here, questions like the mounting price of meat are of paramount importance. Also, how many of the habitual non-voters—on whom de Gaulle largely relies—will be persuaded to vote this time? Among forecasts worth noting are those which say that the new Assembly will be "even more ungovernable than the last one," with no proper working majority of any kind; and those which prophesy that the swing will be so much to the Right that the Socialists will go into Opposition, leaving it to a Right-Centre coalition—with or without Gaullist participation—to clean up the appalling financial mess with which *any* new Government will be faced. For it is no secret that, if the wildest kind of inflation is to be avoided, some form of supplementary budget will have to be passed by the new Assembly, in order to reduce, as far as possible, the present deficit, estimated at anything between £600 m. and £800 m. Before the election, the Assembly was more reluctant than ever to introduce any unpopular financial

measures, and tax collectors and inspectors were even instructed, during the election period, not to be hard on any taxpayer!

What of de Gaulle, the biggest unknown quantity in this election? He is starting on his election tour in the South this week, working his way up to the North, and holding one or two meetings a day in the various cities of France. The largest factor in the R.P.F.'s favour is that they have a Man, an impressive Figure, which is more than any other party, except the Communists, can boast of—and Thorez is, for the present, available only in effigy, his sick body still being in the care of Soviet physicians. But, except for a small semi-hysterical minority of a kind one would find in all countries, it would be wrong to suppose that de Gaulle is "adored" in the manner of Hitler or Mussolini. His personality is cold and far from "magnetic"; even many of his supporters know that he became the Leader of French Resistance (without, mind you, personally ever taking part in it) through a somewhat lucky fluke, and that he rose to fame at the unusually late age of nearly 50. The fact that he surrounds himself with a certain aura of mystery, is seldom seen in public, and often speaks in riddles, cuts both ways. There are those who are convinced of his determination to stamp out the Republic, and are therefore willing to give him *carte blanche;* but there are also those who, while ultra-conservative in temperament, are a little scared of the wild things de Gaulle might do; his accession to power might lead to some highly dangerous adventures, both internally and internationally.

De Gaulle's following is an extremely mixed one. It includes countless middle-class grousers; it includes people who will vote for de Gaulle rather than for any tricky *apparentement;* but Gaullism will, above all, rally round it all that is anti-parliamentary in France—the not inconsiderable Vichyite elements among the middle class (the R.P.F. is, among other things, the great Amnesty Party), the survivors and successors of the pre-war Leagues, the Action Française, the Croix de Feu, and the rest, and, finally, the elements most acutely terrified of the Communists and of the Soviet Union.

Appearances may be deceptive; but one does not have the impression that France is on the eve of a *coup d'état* or that revolutionary passions, one way or the other, are acutely inflamed. The Communists have been sounding the alarm over the simple fact that the election has been fixed for June 17, that is, the day before the Gaullist anniversary on June 18, and on that day, they say, the more or less victorious Gaullists will hold their victory parade in the Champs Elysées and carry out their *coup d'état.* That, I would say, is conceivable if they won an overwhelming victory; but, as this is not likely, what de Gaulle plans is probably not so much a March on Rome as something resembling the Hitler technique of winning power "through Parliament." The parliamentary parties are his bug-bear. This does not, however, mean that he intends, as has been suggested by M. Herriot and others, to bring about a One-Party system in France. Much more likely, he will try, through the sheer weight of numbers, to dominate the whole Right and Centre, including the M.R.P., turn them into obedient tools of the R.P.F., and, through eventually eliminating (*i.e.*, outlawing) the Communists, thus acquire a complete "legal" hold over an obedient Parliament. He wants to change the Constitution to one providing for some of the following measures:—

The President to be elected by a vast "national college" comprising, in addition to Parliament, "the representatives of local assemblies and of the country's intellectual and economic activities."

The President to appoint the Cabinet. On major questions he will have the right to call for a nation-wide referendum. He will personally negotiate and ratify treaties and merely "inform" Parliament of them. In the event of a conflict arising between the President and Parliament, he will have the right to dissolve the Assembly, or submit the cause of conflict to a referendum.

National trade unions to be prohibited, and to be replaced by "capital-labour associations" functioning only within the framework of each particular concern; these "associations" would "tend to safeguard the workers' welfare." "Labour" would be represented in the Assembly electing the President and also on the Economic Council of the Senate.

Such a system would, in fact, amount to a thinly disguised personal dictatorship. As M. Georges Izard recently wrote in an article which was mainly favourable to de Gaulle: "He is a kind of MacArthur of our democratic institutions." It was meant as a compliment!

If de Gaulle's home programme abounds in obscurities—he says, notably, very little about the all-important financial and economic nightmares besetting France, like the rest of Western Europe—his international programme is equally obscure. But a few points emerge: he is against the Communists because they are "inviting a Russian invasion"; he is also against "the parties" because they are allowing France to be enslaved by the United States. How much is the latter point pure demagogy, especially in view of the close bonds that are known to exist between the Gaullists and the American Republicans? It is certain that there are, among the top Gaullists, numerous generals who, like de Gaulle himself, love to talk in terms of building a mighty French Army which will help to safeguard "French diplomatic independence" in international affairs; it is also known that, on a purely sentimental plane, many young Gaullist officers have been offended by the bossy ways of the American army authorities in France. The idea of a semi-Fascist Europe, with France as its nucleus, and with a "strong Germany" as its chief partner, also enters into the Gaullist conception of a happy future.

But the strongest views of all, perhaps, held by the Gaullists are those about the French "Empire." They are opposed to any outside interference with this. The suggestions made, at the time of the Singapore Conference, about the R.A.F.'s eventual participation in the war in Indo-China produced violent resentment in the Gaullist press; and, in North Africa, the Gaullists are known to have thousands of their "own men" in key positions. It is believed that de Gaulle is extremely hostile to allowing the Americans to establish themselves firmly in North Africa, as this might encourage them to "defend France from the periphery." There is another point about North Africa: the Gaullists may try, in certain circumstances, to make it their exclusive stronghold, turning it, in effect, into a "French" Africa after the Malan model. The strange happenings in Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia at any rate suggest that some such ideas are in the wind, and that Gaullist influence is much stronger there than any outsider suspects.

How revolutionary is the movement? And will it not frighten away too many voters, as the local elections at Lorient last month, for example, suggested? Here the Gaullists got only 24 per cent. of the poll, as against 31 per cent. in 1949. There is perhaps more than meets the eye in the sudden decision, last week, of the famous novelist, André Malraux, the most "romantic" and "revolutionary" of the Gaullist candidates, not to stand, after his candidature in one of the Paris constituencies had been widely proclaimed.

Paris, May 28. ALEXANDER WERTH

The Silenced Drums

GUSTS of rain blew in from Galway Bay as the Taoiseach spoke in Eyre Square. Mr. Costello is a tedious and academic orator, and the crowd listened with respectful apathy to his recitation of facts and statistics. A few Fianna Fail enthusiasts weakly hiccuped "Up Dev!" and wandered away. For all the traditional trimmings—the trestle platform decorated with tricolours, the seedy pipe-band which had welcomed the Premier—the meeting was dull. There were a few sparks of the old fire. The chairman, one remembered, had fought in the College of Surgeons in Easter Week; the father of one of the local candidates, it was said, had been shot by the Black-and-Tans. But the smell of powder had drifted away at last. Mr. Costello was talking about land drainage, hospitals and schools, savings and taxation.

Such scenes are typical in the Republic of Ireland's first General Election. "The people," one cynic said, "are trembling with aggressive apathy." At meetings after Mass—the only time people come together in the rural districts—or at street corners in the towns, the audiences are small and orderly. The torchlight processions and the guards of honour composed of Easter Week veterans no longer seem a challenge: they are more like fading campaign ribbons. And even *The Plough And The Stars*, down at the Abbey Theatre, has the tarnish of history upon it. For it is just thirty years since the Treaty was signed; Ireland is a Republic; and the issue which bedevilled Irish politics for a generation no longer divides the parties.

It has always been hard for an outsider to understand Irish politics: parties are historical, not sectional or social. Allegiances date back to the Civil War and beyond. For twenty-five years the Fianna Fail—De Valera's "Soldiers of Destiny"—has been the party of the Republic. And for sixteen of those years it held power, like the U.S. Republicans after 1864, by waving the bloody shirt. In 1948 it was beaten. Fine Gael, descended from the Redmondites and the Free Staters, at last shook off the mud of treachery to the Republic. Oddly allied to the small Labour Party, the Clann na Poblachta—a new radical Republican group—and a small farmers' organisation, it formed an Inter-Party Government. Then, to the embarrassment of Fianna Fail, it finally declared the Republic; the politics of the past were over and Ireland had to face the future.

This has been a difficult adjustment to make, and it partly accounts for the confusion in this election. So long as Sean McTweedle and Seamus O'Tweedle could mutually denounce and recriminate, one a traitor, the other an extremist, oratory and emotion made a good substitute for a programme. But Othello's occupation is gone. The political prisoners, too, are gone. With opposition to Partition a common assumption, with no party conflict about Irish unity as a principle, and little electoral disagreement on tactics, the search for social policies has begun.

The Inter-Party Government is standing on its record. And, on the face of things, the record is a good one. Ireland is a poor country. Its national income is much less than the amount that Britain spends on food subsidies, and the Budget is smaller than that of the London County Council. With less than eighty million pounds to spend, the scope of the State is limited. But, in the past three years, taxes have been cut, unemployment has fallen, emigration has been checked, social security benefits—though low by British

standards—have been improved, and, if the housing programme is by no means large enough to make a real difference to the overcrowded slums, at least it is better than anything done by Fianna Fail. Partly with Marshall Aid, foreign trade has been doubled. And while the wage increases which followed the repeal of De Valera's rigid controls are now being swallowed up by rising prices, during the past three years small savings have undoubtedly increased. The Costello Government, moreover, has been making comparatively heavy capital investments, which will eventually raise productivity. There are new hydro-electric schemes. Power stations, burning peat, are being built. A large land-drainage project is under way. The telephone system is being extended, and really remarkable progress has been made with hospitals and sanatoria. All these are real achievements, and most people will agree that, despite the poverty which remains, despite the Italianesque contrast of beggars and Buicks, under Costello there has been both social tranquillity and a measure of prosperity—blessings much needed in Ireland.

Translated into electoral terms, however, the picture is not so simple. First, there are the curious complexities of the political system. The Costello Government was not merely the product of proportional representation in the Dail: there is also P.R. in the Cabinet, each party having its quota of Ministers. Indeed, the Government parties have elevated a P.R. Cabinet to the level of a political principle. They now appeal to the country both on their record and on a more-or-less common platform. But each party competes against the others for votes, claiming—in the absence of political differences—that it was the energy and devotion of its own Ministers that brought the Government such success as it has enjoyed. Thus, in a typical constituency, with three seats, there may be two Fine Gael candidates, one each from Labour and the Clann na Poblachta, an Independent, and two Fianna Fail. Each Government party seeks first preference votes for its own candidates, and asks for second or third votes for its associates. There are more than 140 "Government" candidates running for a Dail with 147 seats.

Fianna Fail, on the contrary, is running the largest single, and only opposition campaign, with 118 nominees, and it enjoys the advantage of a concentrated vote. Against the claimed virtues of a coalition, it advances the merit of a single-party Government—a stand which has led to attacks on De Valera for seeking to introduce "the British system" into Irish politics. This apart, Fianna Fail has been content either to attack the Government for extravagance, or take over much of its programme. In effect, with its slogan "Trust Dev!", Fianna Fail is in much the same position as the Tory Party in 1945: it is a traditional and nationalist body, effectively dominated by the new business class built up behind the tariff wall created by De Valera, with the old leader standing out above his colleagues like the Nelson Pillar on O'Connell Street.

It is hard, and rash, in these circumstances, for anyone to prophesy. De Valera needs to win six seats to gain a majority. But six seats are hard to win under P.R. And there is the further difficulty that the Government parties may still outnumber Fianna Fail, but that they will come back with differences in their relative strengths which would prevent the re-formation of the coalition, and thus lead, perhaps, to another De Valera regime.

This seems the more likely after the internal dissensions which led to the election. One of the underlying issues in this campaign is the Mother and Child Health Scheme. But none of the party leaders discusses it, though it is a staple topic of popular gossip. For this reason, it is hard to say what effect the enforced resignation of the Health Minister, Dr. Browne, will have on the poll. It may well wreck the Clann na Poblachta, which started with a "pinkish" programme under the leadership of Sean McBride, the Foreign Secretary, but has now been seriously split by McBride's denunciation of Dr. Browne. Indeed, popular criticism has been directed less at the Hierarchy for its refusal to accept the Mother and Child Scheme, than at the way the Taoiseach and McBride handled the whole affair as a backstairs intrigue. Browne himself, running as an Independent in S.E. Dublin, seems assured of re-election, and he may well cost Mr. Costello his seat in the same constituency. I spent one evening with Browne canvassers; electors of all social groups supported him. Their customary explanation was that he is an honest man who has been done down by the politicians. The root of the matter, so far as I could discover, is that both Browne and McBride are poor and dogmatic politicians, and, through lack of experience, ran blindly into a personal and political deadlock.

The Browne affair, however, has put the Mother and Child Scheme on to the stage of Irish politics and it raises far-reaching questions about the relation of Church and State which will echo through the years ahead. The next Government must introduce some similar scheme, even though modified to meet the objections of both the Hierarchy and the consultants. This dispute marks a new phase in Ireland, in which social issues will come to the fore; and of that, Noel Browne is a portent. It will take a long time for a new party alignment to develop, for old loyalties die hard. But it is bound to come. Irish nationalism has exhausted its political capital, and the future that Ireland faces will demand a politics based upon the condition and the needs of the people. The drums are silent under the window.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Dublin, May 28.

South of the Line

I.—The Coloured Franchise

Driving south through Beaufort West, for three hundred miles we had seen only the ruddy rock and straggling scrub of the Karroo, an empty land where the low rainfall of history and extractive sheep-farming of White settlement have combined to make a desert. Even the burnt umber and yellow grasslands of the High Veld, to the north of the Orange River, had seemed fertile in comparison, and the span of twelve oxen that were ploughing near Reddersburg as we passed—with a little spurt of dust in their wake and the ploughman's whip like a crack in the sky above their lowered heads—had spoken for civilisation. Then the Karroo, the present and future desert, with more and more acres going barren year by year; and then, hours later, as the long straight road dips toward the coast, we came abruptly over the edge of the desert into the splendour of the Hex River Valley; and at last, breaking through the mountain barrier towards the sea, through Du Toit's Kloof, came the lush plainland of the Cape of Good Hope below us.

We came down through the blue-shadowed steeps of Du Toit's Kloof in the middle of a fine Sunday morning. It may have been imagination, but it seemed at once that the tensions of Black and White humanity were less cruel than farther to the North. Coloured people—not Black people, that is, but mixed people descended from aboriginals and imported slaves, from Malays and from Dutchmen—were walking along the country roads to church. And the roads were lined with vineyards and rose nurseries and flower gardens where hibiscus bloomed. A little group of blue-and-white robed Africans, members of some Apostolic sect, chanted behind their banners, and were like apostles on the road to Bethlehem.

But you are never far from the Colour Question in South Africa. Cape Town brought one straight back to it, for Cape Town, that Sunday, was preparing for the great Coloured strike of May 7, the next day. Ninety-eight years ago the Government of the Cape Colony had extended voting rights to the Coloured people on the same footing as the Europeans. Now the Government of South Africa, anxious in its latter-day obscurantism to put the clock back to 1852, was proposing to abolish this common electoral roll, and to place the Coloured people on a separate roll by which (at any rate for the time being) they might elect four Europeans to represent them in Parliament. In so doing, the Government would be flying in the face of the first two of the "entrenched clauses" of the Act of Union, which provides that no law shall abolish existing electoral rights for reasons of race or colour except by a majority of two-thirds of both Houses of Parliament in joint session. And for the first time in their history, the Coloured people were preparing to act in unity against a measure of repression.

Dr. Malan is lately reported to have said that 'there is hardly a constituency in the Cape Province in which the Europeans are not swamped by the Non-Europeans." To put the matter in perspective, it is necessary to explain that this is just another Nationalist legend. Some might even call it a barefaced lie. The Coloured population of the Cape Province numbered 881,000 in 1949 (Coloured minorities in the other three provinces are small by comparison, and have never enjoyed any electoral right). Of these, only 5.4 per cent, or 47,804, possessed the qualifications which give title to a vote—a strangely small percentage with which to 'swamp the Europeans." And yet the Coloured people bitterly resent this blow at their rights. Not so much because they attach value to their voting powers as such—for they have traditionally made less use of these powers than they might have done—but because they have always regarded themselves as "equal with Europeans." European policy has in any case consistently aimed at preventing the Coloured people from acting in unison with the more-coloured, or Africans. "It is very clear to me," declared General Hertzog in a much-remembered speech in 1929, "that it was one of the most foolish attitudes the Whites could adopt to drive the Coloured people to the enemies of the European—and that will happen if we repel him—to allow him eventually to come to rest in the arms of the Native." The Coloured people, in short, have felt themselves to rest on the White side of the colour bar—a fact which does much to explain their political backwardness and their many internal dissensions—and it is only now, when their franchise rights are questioned, that they begin to see that they are outcast after all.

What the Nationalists are doing in the Cape with their policies of segregation—harsher and more noxious than the segregation policies of the United Party, because more conscious and consistent—is to repeat their achievement elsewhere. They are working up new racial tensions, and twisting to danger point those that already exist. During the past ten years or so the growth of industry in the Union has done much to abolish colour prejudice between wide sections of the White and Coloured minorities. Enlightened trade unions such as the Garment Workers and

some others with mixed membership have scored great successes in towns like Port Elizabeth by bringing White and Coloured workers into common organisations. In secondary industry, at least, the economic colour bar has become less and less pronounced, and with declining economic discrimination social attitudes have also changed. It is this, precisely, that the Nationalists most hate. Their Coloured Franchise measure, along with all their racialist propaganda, is designed to undo all this patient work of integration, and to create between White and Coloured the same fears, hatred, and contempt as already exist on both sides between White and Black.

Another obvious motive of the Nationalists is to banish from the common roll a section of the people—in this case a fractional percentage of the Cape electorate—which will never vote for them. Like the heavily over-weighted Parliamentary representation for South-West Africa, where the Nationalists can count on sure majorities, this Coloured Franchise measure is one more step on the road towards securing a permanent Nationalist majority in Parliament. If only out of self-defence—but perhaps also for more laudable motives—the United Party has shaken off some of its inertia and opposed the Bill. Unhappily, divisions within its own ranks, and its tacit agreement with the Nationalists on the principle of the colour bar, have greatly undermined this opposition.

Upon the Coloured people themselves, the measure has had the effect of violent shock. It is probably too much to say that they have as yet fully understood what is being done to them. They are still far from seeing that the colour question is really indivisible, and that their own attitude towards the Africans is of a piece with the attitude which the Nationalists now display. The least that can be said, however, is that they show signs of learning this difficult lesson. Before May 7 they had never acted together in any single demonstration in defence of their rights: their politics have been a welter and confusion, of conformism for the sake of small social privileges, of indifference verging on corruption, and of Leftism which takes at the moment a spasmodic sort of post-Trotskyist extremism. Now, at last, they have acted substantially together.

The strike was a marked success. In a tour of the industrial suburbs of Cape Town early on Monday morning, I saw factory after factory with its gates fast closed; while in other factories which I also saw there was only a sprinkling of workers present. Coloured shopping centres such as Hanover Street were almost empty; only a handful of shops were open. Outside one of the partially working factories I stopped to chat with a group of girls. They were arguing excitedly in English—though it needs to be remembered that 90 per cent. of Coloured people speak Afrikaans as their native language—about the merits of going on strike. A smart little girl in a green dress was saying hotly: "The boss can say what he likes—he can't sack us all. What've you got to be afraid of?"

She turned to me: "Most of the girls are on strike, but there's some of us who don't know what to do. There's nobody here to tell us."

"Do you want to strike?"

The girl in the green dress was emphatic. "We think it only proper that we should strike," she said carefully. "Coming up in the tram the others made a mockery of us. We think it right that we should strike with the others." She won the day: after a while, this little group conquered its hesitations and walked off arm-in-arm. The boss, who had meanwhile called a police "pick-up van" with eight policeman, "just in case," could do nothing to stop them. And the police, seeing that strangers were present, sat in their van and said nothing.

No pickets, mind you, in case the police should provoke an incident. No public meetings, for the same reason. Little chance of working for the strike from inside the factories, because most of the trade unions were officially against it. It was a triumph in such circumstances to have managed to bring out practically the whole factory-employed Coloured population, and to close down nearly all the Coloured shops in the town. Much the same thing, it seems, happened in Port Elizabeth. Even though the Coloured Franchise Bill seems certain to become the law of the land, its introduction will have gone some way to close the gap which White policy has always done its best to keep wide—the gap between the different non-White peoples of the Union. This measure can only serve to teach the last lesson that the Whites of South Africa should wish the non-Whites to be taught—that salvation can come only from themselves, and never from the Whites. For if that lesson has to be learnt, the future is dark indeed.

Cape Town, May. BASIL DAVIDSON

So They Say . . .

OVER the past three weeks the Persian crisis has kept editorial columns in a state of violent agitation. Some newspapers have attempted to discuss solutions; others have been reduced to attacking the British Government or each other.

The crisis began to mount on May 15, with photographs of paratroops preparing for embarkation, a British Note on the way, and the *Daily Express* demanding that "if mob rule breaks out in Persia Britain must be ready for firm and instant action." "It is time London got tough with Teheran," added the *Daily Mail* in support.

On Sunday, May 20, Richard Dimbleby complained in the *Sunday Chronicle* that "we are having our noses rubbed in the sand by a bunch of people who would not have dared to say 'boo' to us a century ago," but confessed that, beyond a longing for Palmerstonian days, he had no solution. This so incensed the editor of the *Daily Herald* that he ran a signed editorial the next day, headed MR. DIMBLEBY MAKES ME FEEL SICK.

The following week the *Daily Express* returned to the attack: "Now Britain must show that she means business. . . ." But the *News Chronicle* pointed out that criticism of the Government for "not being tougher" was "unrealistic," as a "Palmerstonian line might leave us isolated."

Now a new note crept in. "Can we manage without the oil?" mused the *Manchester Guardian* on May 21, pointing out what the loss of revenue would mean to Persia. "It would have been more in keeping with the liberality with which the *Manchester Guardian* is prepared to give away British assets," replied the *Evening Standard*, aghast, "had it described the magnitude of the assets involved."

Then, while the *Daily Mail* reviled the "anti-British" of the Left, and the *Daily Graphic* asked once again ARE WE READY TO ACT?, reports from Persia became a little confusing. PERSIAN MOBS WHIP UP HATE, reported the *Daily Express* on May 23. "All the efforts of perspiring orators to whip up anti-British feeling . . . into a frenzy failed," reported the *News Chronicle* on the same day.

Meanwhile, *The Times* had conceded that Britain must not attempt to "hold back the waves," and that the 1933 Agreement should be "modified in Persia's favour."

This idea, however, found no support in the *Daily Express*. "Britain . . . . has already caved in to the wild men of Persia," it announced on May 25; "[this] is both wrong and dangerous . . . there must be no surrender of any kind to Teheran." "This talk in the Tory press . . . is muddle-headed as well as malicious," retorted the *Daily Herald* next day.

"The impending departure . . . of the paratroopers . . . is an encouraging feature," said the *Express* on May 26. "It must be made clear . . . that British troops will not enter Persia as long as the writ of a responsible Persian Government runs there," warned the *Manchester Guardian* the same day. "Why should the Brigade be sent in ships . . . to the Mediterranean?" demanded the *Daily Telegraph* belligerently. "Why not define in plainer words and actions those 'grave consequences'?"

Reynold's News then threw out a challenge: "Would the Tory Press really like the Government to take its advice on Persia, or is it . . . shouting as loud as it dare to distract and embarrass the Government?"

But what it called "gunboat diplomacy" continued this week. "Are the Persians to be allowed to grab?" demanded the *Daily Express* on Monday. "We must stand up to the Persians, boldly, unequivocally. There must be no compromise, no accommodation," said the *Daily Graphic* on Wednesday.

By mid-week, however, a growing note of responsibility had begun to be heard. *Daily Mail*: "Every effort should be made to settle the matter by peaceful negotiation." *News Chronicle*: "Mr. Morrison's statement should give Persia's moderates a chance to open negotiations." *Manchester Guardian*: "Britain . . . is not entitled to say, and has not said, that on no terms can the Persian Government acquire the property."

A more positive suggestion had appeared in Sunday's *Observer*:—

> There is no long-term future for the existing methods of utilising and developing the oil resources of the Middle East . . . the Western Powers . . . and the Middle Eastern States . . . must enter into a new relationship . . . a new Middle Eastern Supply Centre to assist in the development and sale of the raw materials—mostly oil—of the Middle East.

No other paper took up this idea.

AUTOLYCUS

The Old Vic

[*A discussion between Michel Saint-Denis and T. C. Worsley*]

T. C. WORSLEY: The Old Vic is a national institution, supported by public money; and it will presumably in due course be the basis of the National Theatre, the foundation stone of which is to be laid by the King in July. The resignation of yourself and your two colleagues, Mr. George Devine and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, reveals that there is something very sadly wrong there, and most people feel, I think, that the whole truth has not yet been told. Is that so?

MICHEL SAINT-DENIS: The whole truth is very difficult—so complicated that it is perhaps impossible to tell. Anyhow, the details are not important to anyone but ourselves.

WORSLEY: Yet there must be some issue of principle behind it. After all, you three have devoted five years of your lives to building up something which you valued very highly. Could you just outline roughly what it was?

SAINT-DENIS: When people talk of "The Old Vic," sometimes they mean the actual theatre in Waterloo Road, sometimes the principal company which may be playing at other theatres. In fact, the Old Vic is now a whole organisation, which includes more than one acting company, and a theatrical school.

Our plan was to build up a consistent theatrical unit for the Old Vic, in which the accent was to be on youth and enterprise. We founded a school with a limited number of students, not only in acting, but also in stage management, production, design and all the allied crafts. Then we founded a company of young actors, the Young Vic, formed out of experienced actors and promising young artists from the School and elsewhere, which played to young audiences all over the country.

WORSLEY: Presumably, though, your unit was not complete without a theatre as well. Were you

led to expect that you would be given control of the Old Vic Theatre in the Waterloo Road when it was ready?

SAINT-DENIS: Certainly. In 1946 it was envisaged that the Old Vic Theatre Company would continue in the West End, building up their standard and reputation until the National Theatre was ready. Meanwhile, we were to reopen the Old Vic Theatre in the Waterloo Road following more or less on the lines of the pre-war Old Vic, as a nursery for actors and artists anxious to try themselves in the interpretation of the classical repertory. It was also our intention to give occasional performances of modern plays, to encourage contemporary dramatists.

As a confirmation of this project, in 1946 it was agreed that we were to prepare the architectural plans of the Old Vic Theatre according to our own conception of theatre. And this was done.

WORSLEY: But, of course, all that was only a beginning.

SAINT-DENIS: Indeed, yes. Our scheme was only just starting to bear fruit. And as it deals with youth, naturally it needs time to mature.

WORSLEY: And at this point you resign? Why? Because you felt that the work you were doing was threatened in some way?

SAINT-DENIS: Yes, in two ways. First, we had no guarantee that the School and the Young Vic, which were essential parts of the scheme, would be continued in the future. Secondly, there was no longer a unity of purpose inside the organisation.

WORSLEY: But it was only fairly recently that you began to be worried?

SAINT-DENIS: Yes, about two years ago when the financial crisis compelled us to amalgamate with the Old Vic Theatre Company, which, under Mr. Hugh Hunt, was then at the New Theatre. The trouble came to a head last December.

WORSLEY: But up to 1949 you felt you had the support of the Governors and the Arts Council in your scheme and were left free to carry it out?

SAINT-DENIS: Most definitely!

WORSLEY: I gather, therefore, that before 1949 the Old Vic Theatre Company, which was then at the New Theatre, was meant to be kept separate. When financial conditions made this impossible and the Old Vic Theatre Company came to the Old Vic and amalgamated with you, what was the position of yourself and your two colleagues in the organisation?

SAINT-DENIS: There was created a joint directorate of the whole organisation consisting of us three and Mr. Hugh Hunt, the director of the Old Vic Theatre Company. The Governors added, on an equal footing with the directors, an administrator, Mr. Llewellyn Rees.

WORSLEY: How did this work in practice? For instance, were the productions of 1949-50 and 1950-51, the Redgrave season and the present season, productions for which you three, and Mr. Hugh Hunt and Mr. Llewellyn Rees were jointly responsible?

SAINT-DENIS: For the Redgrave season we were not responsible. The present season was prepared by the whole five of us. The repertory of plays, the actors, the designers and musicians, were all agreed on by discussion between us. The producing of each play was in the hands of each individual producer.

WORSLEY: Now we have come to the crucial period. After the amalgamation and the appointment of the administrator, presumably you had reason to feel that the support which you had previously received from the Governors was beginning to diminish?

SAINT-DENIS: I think that the Governors did not necessarily intend to diminish their support but, as money was short and the Theatre Company was naturally considered the essential, they began to question the importance of our side of the organisation.

This tendency was not counteracted by a united policy on our level, as the fourth director, Mr. Hunt, and the administrator had not the same interest as we had in the complete organisation. The result was division of aims. But I do not wish to start a discussion of personalities.

WORSLEY: I suppose not. But, personalities apart, there are questions of principle involved in the running of any artistic enterprise supported by State money which are worth discussing under two heads: administrative and artistic. To take the administrative question first. Is an administrator necessary? Can you conceive of an administrator who would make the thing work? What sort of man would he have to be, and what limitations would have to be put on his sphere of action?

SAINT-DENIS: If have always agreed to the principle of an administrator. There might be two kinds of administrator. Either a man who simply administers—an expert in finance and management, in other words a General Manager. Or, there might be a man of a different type, with special qualities of mind, with a sense of values, able to deal with artists, to protect and control their independence, a man who can inspire respect not only for himself but also for his knowledge, outlook and judgment in artistic and theatrical matters. I don't know whether such a man should be called an administrator; whatever his title, his job should be to allow the artistic policy—within the limits of an agreed budget—to be carried out with vision and continuity. If there is no such man in a complex organisation like the Old Vic, artistic policy is then obscured by immediate practical issues. It then becomes possible to consider cutting out elements which have cost a lot of money and labour, like the School or the Young Vic, without realising the deep consequences such an action will have on the whole artistic policy.

WORSLEY: Then can you, to end with, tell us, if only briefly, what artistic policy you promote?

SAINT-DENIS: I would prefer to point out first that an artistic policy is governed by the means at its disposal. The School, the Young Vic, the gathering together over the years of a trained staff, the architecture of the theatre, and, finally, the selection of the actors of the company are the means of an artistic policy. The development of these means is, for me, of paramount importance.

The purpose of an organisation like the Old Vic should be, in my view, to provide the ground from which young artists can grow, but nobody can predict or govern the direction their evolution will take. I am much more interested in fostering that growth and creating the conditions favourable to the development of *their* ideas, than in trying to impose my own.

WORSLEY: I sympathise with that, but you did not quite answer my question. An artistic policy must be based on a certain view of the theatre. Can you expand what you called your conception of the theatre?

SAINT-DENIS: It is nothing mysterious. Nowadays it is expressed not so much by the writing of new plays, which are unfortunately scarce, but much more by the acting and presentation of the classics. The whole of what is called the modern movement is trying to bring on to the stage a vivid revelation of the styles of the past that yet fits the needs of a modern audience. The naturalistic approach has been replaced by a broader and more fundamental theatrical attitude. The shape of the stage, its relation with the audience, the decor, the light, the voice of the actor, his body, his use of the text—all these must combine to make that sort of violent impact on the public which the theatre has achieved in its greatest days. But we are used to realism, and the anxieties of our time lead us further in our search for reality. We in the theatre are concerned to show that there are far more revealing approaches to reality than the paths of naturalism. Progressive artists of to-day, in all countries, are working to find this point of balance between the "grand style" and the modern need for realism. This common purpose can be seen in the work of Gielgud, Olivier, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, Guinness, Redgrave, Quayle, Guthrie, Brook, Jean-Louis Barrault and Elia Kazan.

We thought that the Old Vic should be one of the leading inspirations of this modern movement, and we believe it has the means to do so.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE FESTIVAL CONTINUES

WAS there ever such a multiplicity of events packed into two months of our musical life? It would take an issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to catch up with London activities alone; not to mention the provincial "Festival Centres," and the B.B.C., half-way through a private Symbolist-Impressionist Festival of its own—which in musical terms means quantities of ever-welcome Debussy. *Das Land ohne Musik* has become *das Land mit* almost too much *Musik*. Sometimes, as I hurry northwards to an Islington opera, or southwards to a transpontine concert, I think of some complex web of tone, very likely *The Musical Offering*, hanging that instant soundlessly in the air, yet heard by tens of thousands; and I feel as though our Philistine old Albion, so solid and beefy, has turned overnight into Prospero's insubstantial isle: an impression easily fostered by the strange glamour and glitter of the South Bank. But not for long is Anglo-Saxon reality to be held at bay. Lured on by the novelty and freshness and colour, I drop into one of the Festival restaurants, dreaming perhaps of *canelloni* or *quenelles de brochet*; and then, ah then, I am soon back in familiar England. Not indeed in the fine old England of beef sirloins and saddles of mutton, but in our latter-day, take-it-or-leave-it England of lukewarm tomato soup and custard with a skin on the top. Yet even here I detect a difference, less in the actual food than in the friendlier attitude of the waitress, whose "Don't you like it, then?" sounds almost sympathetic and without disdain.

Never mind. I *don't* like it; but no dinner, however depressing, can spoil an evening which ends with something so exhilarating as Benjamin Britten's *Spring Symphony*. Apart from the occasion and the subject, the texture of the music makes this an ideal work for the Royal Festival Hall. The acoustics in that place, as we have discovered, are inclined to deflate sumptuous or lush music by depriving it of its romantic aura; but Britten's score is no more lush than an English spring. On the contrary, it is clean, spare and intensely brilliant. Nowhere has he used colour and texture more imaginatively than in this Symphony; and the effects were vividly realised by the L.P.O. Choir and Orchestra under the composer's direction, with Joan Cross, Anne Wood and Peter Pears in the solo parts. The first movement, in particular, contains a whole chain of startlingly evocative sounds. In the opening chorus, the bleak spacing of the voices and the minor seconds on the solitary vibraphone create an almost physical effect of numbing cold, while, beneath the congealed surface, sap begins to course in irregular spurts and sallies from the woodwind. Spenser's piece about the cuckoo is set for tenor soloist to the bare accompaniment of three gesticulating trumpets: a colour-scheme which unites memories of Dufay with that brilliant moment in the third act of *Otello* when the ambassadors arrive and the trumpets hammer away at their sudden B flat, and yet is realised in harmonic terms which are unmistakably Britten's. With Nashe's "Spring, the sweet spring," the composer unlocks the fund of natural melody which distinguishes him from his contemporaries, with a dipping, swinging tune, *allegro con slancio*, half raw and half sweet, enlivened by characteristically English false relations in the accompaniment.

This combination of raw and sweet, of rough and tender, belongs to spring, and is a feature of the whole Symphony; in fact, one of its unifying elements. The two opposites are brought into irresistible conjunction in the next number, a dual setting of Peele's "Whenas the rye" and Clare's "The driving boy" which is perhaps the loveliest stroke of genius in this work of genius. The lilting tune for the boys' choir, and the episode when they whistle snatches of it against the

soprano's gentle cantilena—these are immediately captivating and can be guaranteed to send a smile of pleasure round any audience. But examine the score, and see with what precise cunning and shapeliness the brief piece has been put together: the ponderous, clumping charm, for instance, of the bass line, moving up and down in fourths and entrusted to the great, raw, bumpkin voice of the tuba; or the masterly skill with which a link is established between tuba, boys and soprano by a scrap of rising melody which is common to all three ("till that time come again" . . . "a happy, dirty, driving boy"). Throughout the Symphony, especially in the festive finale, there are endless examples of this happy ingenuity at the service of a fresh and vigorous inspiration; but none which creates so instant and memorable a picture of overflowing life and joy. The Dulwich schoolboys brought more gusto to the scene than their Lambeth predecessors, without equalling the loud, raucous glee of the Rotterdam boys who sang in the first performance. It is difficult for English choirboys, trained in our genteel cathedral style, to let themselves rip as this passage demands, and I should like to hear it sung in Wales, or best of all in Italy, where every urchin in the choir cheerfully bawls his head off like a miniature Tosca.

The public, as before, received the beautiful and brilliant work with rapturous applause, and showed no inclination to take part in the boring professional debate whether it can be truly called a symphony or not—a question which arises only because of the rather absurd prestige which the word and thing "symphony" has acquired since the time of Beethoven. What really matters is that Britten has composed some 45 minutes of fascinating music with hardly a dull or inappropriate page (the Auden setting possibly excepted): a work which makes an effect of artistic unity because, though immensely varied in detail, it is homogeneous in general mood. Moreover, the four sections bear an obvious relation to the four movements of a symphony.

I much preferred the Sadler's Wells version of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* to the rather tentative revival staged by the English Opera Group at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Though it sounds over-ingenious, it was in practice a wholly successful idea of the producer (Geoffrey Dunn) to place his chorus in the orchestra, leaving the stage free for gallant cavortings by the graceful members of the Ballet; and although the costumes spanned a rather reckless scale of colour, the general style of the sets was appropriate and effective. Eleanor Houston sang Dido's music with the full tone and solid legato which it seems (in spite of its girls' school origin) to demand; and John Probyn was a manly Aeneas. Marjorie Shires (Belinda) is not at present fulfilling her earlier promise; her voice sounds overworked. James Robertson chose admirable tempi, and drew rich and eloquent sounds from the orchestra. In short, it was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion; and so, on another evening, was the ballet *Pineapple Poll*, for which Charles Mackerras has rummaged through Sullivan's bulging granaries of melody with such skill and lightness of touch that his score deserves to rank as an English *Boutique Fantasque*.

On Saturday last, after a radiant performance as Brünnhilde in *Götterdämmerung*, Kirsten Flagstad announced to an incredulous and protesting house that this was her very last appearance in the part. It is unlikely, in fact, that we shall see her again after this season in any of the great Wagner roles; unlikely also, alas, that we shall see, for many years, her equal. A fascinating postscript to her London career will be provided in September when she is to sing the part of Purcell's Dido in 20 performances on the newly constructed Elizabethan stage in St. John's Wood called the Mermaid Theatre. There is something fabulous and improbable about the Mermaid story, but having seen the charming theatre and its creators, I no longer doubt. Those who wish to learn more about the project should write to Bernard Miles at Duff House, Acacia Road, N.W.8.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

ONCE again, the most interesting of new—or relatively new—plays on the air has come from France, and the production of M. Cocteau's *The Knights of the Round Table*, in Mr. Auden's translation, has given Third Programme listeners a chance of acquainting themselves with the work before its forthcoming stage production by the Group Theatre. My first impression was, what a good radio play the adaptor, whom I assume to be Mr. Peter Watts, who produced it so well, has made of it! So good, indeed, that I find it difficult at present to imagine it on the stage. M. Cocteau, of course, is well known as a magician; sleight of hand is his speciality; and *The Knights of the Round Table* is most accomplished, ingenious and entertaining, the fusion of a romantic, gothic imagination with a modern wit. Camelot is under Merlin's spell; Arthur, besotted, is unable to distinguish between reality and illusion; a blight is on the land. The play, in other words, is the representation of the battle between Merlin and Galahad for the possession of Arthur's soul. In the end, truth prevails, when Arthur, confronted with the corpses of Guinevere and Launcelot, his fuddled happiness gone, cries, "I would rather have a real death than a false life." One was delighted by the constant invention, the wit of situation; and for the most part the play was admirably done: the weakness lay, it seemed to me, in Mr. Clive Morton's portrayal of Arthur. Not having read the original, I cannot say how faithful was Mr. Auden's translation; but one thing stuck out the whole time, the affinity between Cocteau's imagination, as shown in this play, and Mr. Auden's.

In its very different way I found Mr. Cleverdon's production of *Comus* no less delightful. *Comus* is one of those works that one has known for so long that one has come almost to take its superlative merits for granted. The virtue of this production was that one was made to see it anew. It was quite beautifully spoken, with no more than the right amount of characterisation; but the characterisation, Mr. Goring's of Comus and Mr. Alan Wheatley's of the Attendant Spirit, was enough to bring out the passion that informs Milton's argument, a passion I think one tends to forget, while reading the masque in the beauty of the poetry. How beautiful the poetry is, how perennially fresh in its youthful yet always controlled lyricism, one realised again almost with a sense of shock.

It is good, from time to time, to hear, apart from Reith Lectures, a long talk in the Home Service. It was good, for instance, that Mr. Tom Hopkinson was allowed to talk for half an hour on *How an Editor Does His Job*. Many listeners must have been made aware for the first time of an editor's problems, of the balance to be held between his responsibilities to his readers, to his staff and to his directors. The B.B.C., unlike some American broadcasting stations, is naturally enough chary of discussing the Press. Mr. Hopkinson's was a noteworthy contribution to informed opinion upon it.

A Third Programme talk I found quite fascinating was Professor Sisson's *Elizabethan Life in Public Records*. What was so exciting was the light Professor Sisson was able to throw on the genesis of *King Lear* and *All's Well That Ends Well* from the scrutiny of the records of the Court of Chancery in a single year. Plainly, by selecting from the documents for an individual year, the Features Department could make a most absorbing programme on Elizabethan daily life.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Of Men and Music" and "Farewell to Yesterday", at the Rialto
"Bonaventure," at the Odeon
"Midnight Episode," at the Marble Arch Odeon

The ubiquitous Wonder Man (guess who) is to be supplanted at the Rialto by an odd double programme. *Of Men and Music* runs for seventy-five minutes, and with a good deal of self-commendation appeals to YOU—the large public—as something "more than a concert on film." Unfortunately, it turns out to be a great deal less. The idea is to play a number of popular classical items and to introduce, in a back-stage, free-and-easy manner, Arthur Rubinstein, Jan Pierce and Nadine Conner (singers from the Metropolitan Opera Company), Heifetz, and Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic. Only the last catches fire. I've never seen Mr. Mitropoulos before, never in fact heard him; but on the screen—concert or no concert—seeing's the thing. Well, he is worth seeing; seen in rehearsal, his musical moods and crisp break-offs reveal the natural actor. (A skilled study of Sir Thomas Beecham would, of course, be ten times more fascinating.) Mr. Mitropoulos has charm, humour, incision; and the camera gratefully captures these qualities. But the preceding musical interviews have proved arch and tedious beyond words. Whom will they catch? Not the musical, who will quickly cease even to listen to pieces so hackneyed. And not the great unmusical: they will find themselves abashed as rarely before. Visual boredom paves the way to shut-eye. No one, for example, having made the discovery that Mr. So-and-so is the usual fat tenor, wants to gaze at him (with no relief of camera) for minutes at a stretch.

Farewell to Yesterday is a very different kettle of fish—or swish of kettle-drums. This newsreel survey of events from Versailles to Korea at least engages the sensitive mind dreadfully without pause. All the hopes, mistakes, inevitabilities, horrors! Wilson, once more, flashes teeth and glasses over his League of Nations; Selassie, with his people murdered, appeals to the Assembly; Hitler hooks Chamberlain, and in Paris mimes a dictator's Spring; Warsaw, Dunkirk, the fires of London, the hell-fires over Germany, the snowy retreat from Stalingrad, invasion, Belsen; and the whole Pacific chain from Pearl Harbour to Hiroshima. Frightful, nearly all of it, and yet cinematically exciting: who will ever forget the spectacle, caught by the newsreel, of the final air-sea tornadoes between Americans and Japs, the wandering deaths of Belsen, the big cauliflower sprouted from the atom bomb? *Farewell to Yesterday* grimly respects its thirty-year period as one of war intermittent. Of course, it leaves out essentials: notably, America's blame for the failure of the League. It sees some things through stars and stripes, and at the climax to this record it wishes, too easily, good-bye to all that. Still, this is the real journalism of the screen, as *Of Men and Music* is the journalistic *Kitsch*.

Two dim little detective episodes come from Anglo-America and Franco-England. Miss Claudette Colbert, as a sweet nun resolving murder in a marooned Norfolk convent, has to be cornered in the belfry, but not before all probability has long since fled the scene. One muses about those floods that let Miss Colbert in and out but stop the police officer and his charge from going on their way to execution; and the cow and the four sheep on the lawn have a happy hired look, as though to say, *We* weren't there on the stage. *Midnight Episode* takes a Simenon story, transfers it to London, kills its cinematic qualities, and sets up Stanley Holloway in the part once played by Raimu. You may remember the daintinesses of *Monsieur La Souris*: here they are reduced to home stodge.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Love of Four Colonels," at Wyndhams

Mr. Peter Ustinov's new play is at least three-quarters of an hour too long; this is a lot in a self-styled "fantasy" which depends for holding our attention less on development than on lightness of touch and the ability to tickle us continually with a fresh variation or a shift of focus. As in all Mr. Ustinov's plays, the idea strikes us as extraordinarily full of possibilities: but the actual execution is seldom quite up to it. The colonels, a French and American, a Russian and an English, are the members of a four-power control commission, and we are evidently in for a treatment

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One of the authors was a Soviet historian and the other a German scientist. Their account, unlike the familiar torture stories, is remarkable because they had the depth of mind to look beyond their personal experiences and to observe exactly why what happened did happen—and will continue to happen

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of the differences in national characteristics. And Mr. Ustinov has a brilliant notion for displaying this. In the enchanted castle to which the commission is whisked the Sleeping Princess lies where life stopped a hundred years ago in the stage of the miniature court theatre. Each of the colonels is given the chance of winning her in a play of his own devising. So we are treated to four parody plays within our play. A most ingenious idea, if only the author could have kept it up. The Chekhov is excellent, but even it is too long, like the others—an American film pastiche, a bad Shakespeare and a crude attempt at artificial comedy. In all it is the arrival of Mr. Ustinov himself that counts—as a meandering Chekhovian uncle, a quick-tongued Shakespearean fool, an oozy gangster and a black bear of a dropsical husband. Mr. Ustinov the playwright pushes on towards an ideal goal where the brilliant impersonator Ustinov can play *all* the parts. The difficulty from the play's point of view is that Ustinov parts are all monologues.

T. C. W.

Abstract Painting, Sculptures, Mobiles, at the A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street

It is not easy to paint a good abstract. It requires aesthetic dexterity—rather in the manner that a game of spillikins requires manual dexterity. The trouble is that abstract artists protest too much; by simultaneously limiting the meaning of painting and enlarging the meaning of phrases like "spiritual harmony," they claim that their work is the beginning of a completely new and supremely pure language. One is then distracted by these extravagant arguments from looking at their single-minded and usually very tasteful pictures. In this exhibition the word *abstract* has been used in its strictest sense. Very few of the shapes derive from the appearance of actual objects and nearly all are free from any literary or associative meaning. Certainly some of the titles do confuse the issue by suggesting "subject-matter," but on the whole the colours and shapes arrange themselves in pleasant, quite *independent* designs; textures decorate them, and lines tack together the open spaces. The verbs are used in that way because the lack of any ulterior motive tends at first to make one feel that the design of an abstract picture is fortuitous. The eye is delighted as it might be by some happy effect of biscuit tins or bus tickets. Gradually of course one does become aware of the logic; in the work of Kenneth Martin or Bernard Carter it is precise and intellectual, in that of Ben Nicholson or Terry Frost it is more softly intuitive. Perhaps the practical weakness of the abstract theory is that in this representative show of fifty works there is not one which it is really possible to dislike. They run the risk of being harmless.

J. B.

The Lyric Revue, at the Lyric, Hammersmith

This revue has that quality that one feared had died with Herbert Farjeon and I am tempted to describe it as the best of its kind since the war. There is abundance of wit, more than the normal allowance of colour, and the music—Richard Addinsell and Donald Swann are responsible for most of the numbers—is of a much higher standard than is usual in such productions. Arthur Macrae and his colleagues have avoided the three main pitfalls of post-war revue—cliquish absorption in theatreland personalities, 'varsity rag amateurishness, and the kind of spiced bawdy which is epicene rather than Aristophanic. Above all, the show has been crisply produced. Songs and sketches follow in lightning succession, each new item leaving us no time to recover from the last knockout tag-line. Where so much is richness, choice is invidious, but Ian Carmichael's *Darling Boy* and Joan Heal and Graham Payn as two frustrated bits of willow-pattern are both *tours de force*. For the rest, there is George Benson, admirable whether as a faked Mr. Chips or as a duke showing hikers round his ancestral mansion, its walls stripped of Rembrandts, its ceilings painted "by Tea-polo—a Wop!" There is Dora Bryan, ubiquitous as a Freudian Cinderella, a child film star too old at eight, and a public servant practising her Festival French on the foreign visitor. There is *Peter Pan* as revised by Tennessee Williams and a Cole Porterised *Ghosts* aptly re-christened *Kiss Me, Mrs. Alving*. And when we wish to be sentimental there is Irlin Hall to charm us with a song about the Bar at the Folies-Bergere. A rare playgoer's evening and a fine piece of professional theatre.

J. N. B. R.

"Café Crown," at the Embassy

Proclaimed as a Broadway hit, and commended by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt for its humanity and humour, *Café Crown* might conceivably serve as a theatrical clothes-horse on which a company of superlative Jewish comedians could hang their motley, however threadbare, serio-comically enough to win a Gentile laugh. A caste not native to New York's East Side is defeated outright by a script whose prolix verbosity is as painful as the "corny" improbability of the plot. Is David Cole, actor-manager and impecunious) last hope of the Yiddish Theatre, *vrai artiste* or charlatan, essentially Jew or—when he takes on the part of Lear at a moment's notice in order to release his daughter's boy friend for a Hollywood offer—just nobly American? Hugh Miller, a sensitive and intelligent actor wasted in this nonsense, is obviously at a loss for an answer. It hardly matters: for the boy friend, as Lear, shares with the other denizens of the Café an incredibility that transcends all wit. Why Glasgow Unity, with the world their oyster, should have chosen to present to Festival London this insignificant American vulgarity is a mystery passing the love of women.

A. V.

FESTIVAL NOTES

London Transport Post rs, 1908-1951, at Sou h Kensington Station

Forty years ago the good poster was an extra-large coloured illustration. To-day it is a conception of architectural and typographical images. It is a tribute to London Transport's adventurous advertising policy that this interesting selection of about a hundred of their posters is a record of this development. One of the earliest is of the fair at Hampstead by Fred Taylor. Its colour pattern is simplified and bold but the drawing is in easel-picture terms. From 1913 until 1919 even bold colour disappeared. All were sentimental and entirely illustrative. A typical example is a water colour by Mabel Lucie Attwell—a child saying to a rabbit, "Hullo! Did you come by Underground?" Then in 1919 came the first McKnight Kauffers—bright and flat from the press—and in 1922 even better ones. Their impact is still extraordinary. Other artists worked in the same manner yet their work lacked the conviction of Kauffer's *ideas*. There are some pleasant landscapes by John Mansbridge and Harold Williamson but the only other innovator was Bawden. He introduced the element of humour, not by enlarging a Punch drawing, but by creating images which although inherently comic were as severe as good trade-marks. In 1936 there was an unusually happy Sutherland—"How sweet I roamed from field to field," with butterflies and birds; and the first Betty Swanwicks (she is surely a Metropolitan Primitive). After 1940—a deterioration: as in Kauffer's own later work the emphasis shifted from construction to casual texture and romantic atmosphere. In the stations I have enjoyed the recent series of "pictures," but seen here, where standards are higher, they are rather disappointing. They look muddled and fussy compared to the clean achievements of the '20s and '30s. The one exception is the British Museum poster by Anthony Gilbert. On the whole the humbler semi-abstract jobs of typographical Green Line buses and red arrows are far better.

J. B.

"Photography in the Life of the Nation," at the R.P.S., 16 Princes Gate, S.W.7

The Royal Photographic Society is known to have a wonderful collection of photographic masterpieces, accumulated over the years, but they seem largely to be reserved for private exhibition to members by appointment. So the Society's Festival of Britain Exhibition had been looked forward to with interest. A sadder and dimmer little display it would be hard to find. It is spread thinly over four rooms. The first attempts to show the "History of Photography." It contains a small selection from the work of the early masters and gives a brief record of technical development. But for any real impression of the work of David Octavius Hill, Mrs. Cameron, Roger Fenton and the rest, for any sense that the development of photography was worth while, we must walk down the road to the Gernsheim collection now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The room does, however, contain two prints of real interest which are often described but seldom seen. First is the elaborate and absurd construction—"The Two Ways of Life"—made from more than thirty negatives by Oscar Rejlander in 1857—exactly the ponderous allegory the title suggests. The second is "Fading Away" made in 1858 by Henry Peach Robinson, another photographic composition, though not nearly so elaborate as Rejlander's, of a girl dying by an open window, with womenfolk in attitudes of resignation and the back of a doctor showing medical bewilderment. The next room, "Photography in Modern Life," makes a strange impression. A haphazard assembly of pictures proves convincingly that the camera can record the texture of materials, and see things not visible to the human eye: it can also take pictures from the air, and reproduce objects in colours which may be held to resemble those of the originals. It is further shown that the half-tone block—by which almost all newspaper photographs have been reproduced for half a century—has been invented. It is as though photography, faced with a threat of extinction, had set down the first arguments for survival that came into its head. Naturally, under such circumstances, not all are convincing. Upstairs there are two more rooms which profess to record photography's services to science. Those critics of the Society who feel that it has little contact with the ideas and achievements of present-day camera-men are likely to welcome this Exhibition as a demonstration of their case more convincing than any argument.

T. H.

Constable and his Contemporaries, at Burgh House, Well Walk, Hampstead

Most of these fairly small pictures have been borrowed from private collectors. Some of them are trivial, but together they form an interesting exhibition which places Constable's work in its historical context, and reveals the particular nature of his genius. One can look at a sketch (No. 88, for instance) and understand how inevitably his influence led to Impressionism. Its carefree composition and brushwork, its emphasis on the power of light to rearrange and dominate actual shapes, are so obvious that it almost has the appearance of an impressionist painting fantastically darkened. His sketch-book notes and his early (and bad) life-drawings indicate precisely how he sought to interpret the appearance of nature. Every mark he made on the paper projected its meaning *outwards*—into the space around it. Cézanne built up each object from its centre of gravity; Constable flew, like a bird between his trees, from one patch of changing darkness to another, from the light on the gunwale of a boat to the light reflected on the whitewashed wall of a house. Thus in a close-up study of a fence or a head, when the important space was that which the object filled—not that which surrounded it—he failed to understand its *construction*; but in a sketch of light passing over Hampstead Heath or of a storm seen from Dick Steele's cottage, he claimed miles: painted the aerial form between two leaves and between one side of London and the other. Such an achievement was not merely a question of acute observation but of cultivated sympathy and imagination.

J. B.

POETS AS STATESMEN

Why do we hazard that we are sane
When our world is smothered in nonsense
When man is cut off from his brain
When the law sits mumbling on the fence
And the sky drops metal rain?
Suppose we suddenly saw Shelley plain
Would he not lift up the mask of anarchy
Expose the poisonous eye behind the lens
And speak lightnings to the sky?

More probably he too would legislate
(Given the present emergency)
In parliamentary language and promulgate
Yet another white paper, caustic and severe,
Deprecating the recent incidents with which we,
Lamentably but unavoidably, are so familiar.

RONALD BOTTRALL

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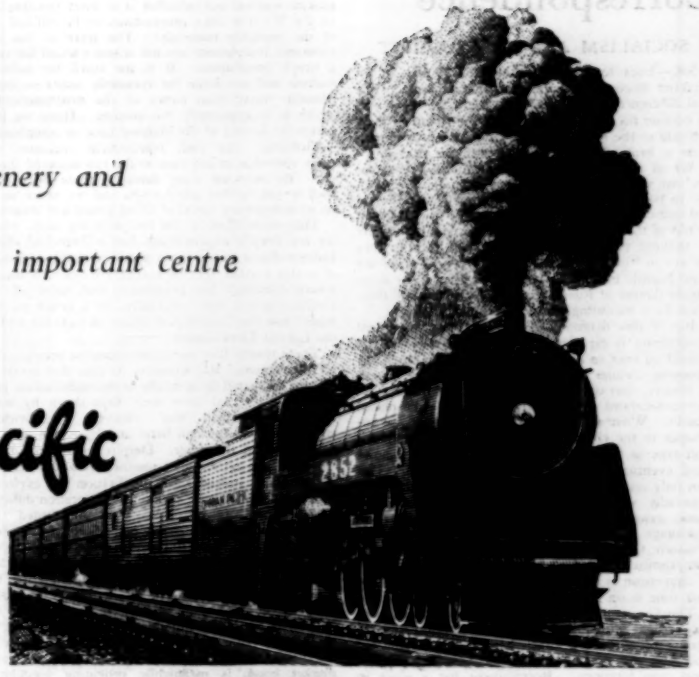

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Amsterdam—Scheveningen—The Hague

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Chamber Orchestra English Opera Group.

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Soloists include: Kathleen Ferrier, Martha Lipton, Jo Vincent, Robert Casadesus, Theo Olof, Isaac Stern, Jaap Stotijn

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THE NETHERLANDS OPERA

Janacek: JENUFA—Verdi: UN BALLO IN MASCHERA—Gluck: ORPHEO (with Kathleen Ferrier)

Beethoven: FIDELIO—Milhaud: LE PAUVRE MATELOT—François: L'APOSTROPHE

Conductors: Gui, Krips, Bruck, Pella

The Cast includes: Kathleen Ferrier, Martha Lipton (Guest Artists), Gré Brouwenstijn, Otakar Kraus, Frans Vroons

THE ENGLISH OPERA GROUP

Conductor: Benjamin Britten

Purcell: DIDO AND AENEAS—Monteverdi: COMBATTIMENTO DI TANCREDI E CLORINDA

The Cast includes: Joan Cross, Nancy Evans, Flora Nielsen, Bruce Boyce, Peter Pears

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Correspondence

SOCIALISM AND REARMAMENT

SIR,—Your leading article of May 19 has at last directed discussion to the fundamental issue. The real difference between Left and Right, inside as well as outside the Labour Party, is to be found in their attitude to the strategy of the Cold War. It is high time to bring this question out into the daylight.

We all agree that we need to devote any resources we can spare to social services, capital investment, aid to backward areas *and* rearmament. The essential question is the *balance* of these tasks. The Right thinks of the Communist challenge almost exclusively in military terms. They do this, not because they believe in "preventive war" (we are speaking of the sane Right), but because they feel that there is an urgent danger of Russian aggression, and hence there must be a mounting arms programme.

But if this diagnosis is correct, the rearmament programme is far too little and far too slow: we should go over to a war economy, pile up stocks by rationing civilian use, build air-raid shelters instead of houses, start dispersing industries and making our communications less sensitive to a few well-placed bombs. What we should certainly *not* do, is announce to the enemy that we are weak now, that it will take us some time to grow strong, but that we shall eventually have overwhelming strength. This can only accelerate the attack which the Right fears, especially since the Soviet must apprehend, with some reason, that overwhelming strength will encourage a "tough" foreign policy and make the Western Governments less inclined to reach any compromise. A good sound rule for potential victims of aggression is to let the potential aggressor believe that time is on his side.

The Government's policy, however, is even more inconsistent with the alternative assumption that the danger of a Russian attack has been overestimated and that our strategy should be based on longer-term considerations. Rearmament has a place in such a strategy, of course, because none but the most naive fellow-travellers believe that the Russians would refrain in principle from probing weak spots. But to give it an *over-riding* priority is another matter.

First, it means that we shall have to reduce output for other purposes. We must expect less capital investment in industry, less overseas investment, and less social services. These are not propagandist forecasts: the first two are official predictions of the Government in the *Economic Survey*, and the third follows inevitably from the Chancellor's otherwise insoluble problem next year, of having to find another £300 millions for rearmament, while being able to expect little increase in production. In their various ways all three economies reduce even our strictly military capacity in the long run. But the main political cost is that such retrenchment reduces the chance of developing an alternative to Communism sufficiently attractive to win the imagination of the world, and particularly of the working-classes in Europe and Asia. Western strategy is being drained of political content.

Secondly, rearmament becomes very expensive if it is injected into a fundamentally peacetime economy. A sudden rush of orders to the already overloaded "heavy" industries must mean dislocation in training labour and retooling. The disturbance to industry will to-day be the greater because there are no means of allocating the materials and labour that will be made scarce by these demands. Already, the economy is being converted from one in which nearly all factories worked full-time into one in which a fair proportion work part-time for lack of supplies. Coal will, as usual, mirror our economic problems. Arms production requires a lot of coal, and this cannot easily be squeezed out of other users. On the other hand, it also means high engineering wages that will sometimes attract miners away from the pits, in the absence of labour control. Must we expect another coal crisis next winter, with stocks reduced once more to a few days' supply?

A firm military position cannot be built on thin inventories. Is there a budget for coal and other scarce materials matching prospective supply against the increased demand? And for that matter has anyone worked out whether it is even possible for all the Western arms programmes to be fulfilled out of the available materials? The truth is that the economic foundations are not sound enough for such a heavy programme. It is too small for military realism and too large for economic sanity—a compromise worse than either of the programmes of which it is apparently the average. Have we forgotten the lessons of the Maginot Line so completely?

Moreover, our own rearmament increases the price rises due in any case to the raw material shortage. By inducing wage demands these price rises lead to yet further price rises, and we seem to be on an inflationary spiral of rising prices and wages.

This acceleration of the rise in living costs, which we are already experiencing, has a three-fold effect. Industrially, it means more unrest (and thus a danger of a still further loss of output); socially, it means severe hardship for pensioners and most of the middle classes; and, politically, as a result of this unrest and this hardship, it means in time the end of the Labour Government.

These results flow inevitably from the present scale of rearmament. But whatever its size, they could be at least mitigated by a return to the stabilisation programme. Internal costs were kept down by wage stabilisation which was achieved by dividend stabilisation on the one hand and by suppression of price rises on the other. Despite its success, there has been one retreat after another from this internal programme. Indeed wage stabilisation was exploited in a short-sighted way, making its restoration difficult. Stabilisation of subsidies was substituted for stabilisation of prices, although direct taxes were being reduced. Controls were largely abandoned, weakening the Government's influence on prices and types of output. And now dividend limitation has been allowed to lapse! The recent Budget was based not only on an absolute priority for rearmament, but on a price and profit inflation as a means of reducing the "real" value of fixed incomes and thus achieving the "real" sacrifice needed. The consequent stock market boom is meanwhile providing speculative gains which will, in fact, be partly used to support the living standards of shareholders, leading to greater inequality and further undermining what is left of wage stabilisation.

If we are to avoid price rises of an order which would weaken confidence in sterling, as well as gravely damaging our whole national life (and even the arms programme) we must try to have a coherent policy.

(1) The greatest contribution the British Government could make would be to press for a revision of Western strategy in favour of more political and less military rearmament (i.e., more aid to poor areas), and to make the corresponding adjustment in its own strategy.

(2) We must distribute the burden of the changed programme equitably. According to E.C.E., Britain's share in terms of available manhours is far higher than that of the U.S., despite our relative poverty. Our standard of life is falling: theirs is still rising. We do not exact regressive but progressive income taxes to carry our internal burdens: so it should be between Allies.

(3) We should use all our influence to achieve bulk purchasing of materials by a Western inter-Governmental board.

So much for external policy. But the Government must also re-create the internal conditions for stability. The period immediately ahead seems suitable for this attempt since there has been a fairly general increase in rates of pay, and import prices are temporarily levelling off.

(4) We believe, therefore, that the Government should revalue sterling. This would break the price rise, at least for the moment, and create a favourable period for working out a new wages policy.

(5) The Government should introduce a fairly stiff tax on both bonus issues and increases in dividends, while undertaking to maintain the real value of social security payments. This would check the reappearance of inequality.

(6) It should be prepared to promise some increases in subsidies and extensions of utility schemes in return for a T.U.C. resolution on wage stabilisation.

(7) It should forthwith reintroduce controls over the allocation and the price of scarce goods.

It is true that, unless military expenditure were reduced, the effect of this whole programme would be to augment Government expenditure without increasing revenue, thus creating some excess of purchasing power. This involves some return to the inflationary condition of "too much money chasing too few goods." In our view, provided it is sternly repressed by direct controls, such "demand inflation" is less dangerous to-day than rapidly rising prices.

To attempt an inflationary arms programme, but to shrink from using direct controls, can only end in the Government introducing dear money and the other paraphernalia of *laissez faire* "monetary management" and thus discrediting the balanced policy of controlled full employment, on which the hopes for the establishment of a stable society depend. Most people can face sacrifices, provided justice is enforced, and there is some hope of their being temporary. What is discouraging about the Government's policy is (1) that it seems to offer a steadily worse distribution of a shrinking real consumption and (2) it invites a potential aggressor to attack before his chance is gone.

THOMAS BALOGH
Oxford. DUDLEY SEERS

BRITAIN AND CHINA

SIR,—Some of the points raised by Mr. Tsou confirm Critic's contentions rather than his own. The issue of the British consulate in Formosa is one of the points which have led the British authorities to suspect that the Chinese Government does not want normal diplomatic relations. It has been the established precedent for a consolate to deal with the *de facto* authorities in its area without prejudice to relations with the recognised Government. Foreign consulates continued to operate in Manchukuo and foreign Powers, including the Soviet Union, retained consulates in the Japanese-occupied areas under the Wang K'e-min or Wang Ching-wei puppet Governments. So far as I know, neither Chungking nor Yenan ever protested that this showed unfriendliness towards China. The Chinese Government is now trying to establish a completely new precedent in international relations and is demanding British acceptance of its decision as a condition for accepting normal diplomatic relations.

Again, Mr. Tsou deduces British unfriendliness from an incident in which a visa was refused to one member of a Chinese delegation against whom the British authorities alleged personal objections although the other members were given visas at a few days' notice. What, then, should we deduce from the Chinese response to British applications for visas or exit permits? Over 90 per cent. of official British requests for visas have been refused and the normal delay in granting a visa has been a matter of months.

One might also ask Mr. Tsou to imagine the Chinese reaction to a British "friendship" delegation which modelled its conduct on that of the Chinese delegation which did visit this country. Suppose that a British "friendship" delegation were to allow its contacts with representatives of the Chinese Government or the party controlling that Government to be restricted to a single meeting which was made the occasion for reading a speech denouncing the Chinese leaders as puppets of Moscow. It is fairly certain that such behaviour would be taken as clear evidence of British ill will, and that no visas would be granted to any persons who wished to visit China under the same auspices.

Mr. Dean Rusk's recent assertions that the Chinese Government was a Russian colonial regime and that the Kuomintang really represented the Chinese people have been widely criticised as completely contrary to the evidence and as ruling out any possibility of any peaceful agreement with China. But numerous Chinese official statements have denounced the British Government as an American colonial regime and claimed that the British Communist Party really represents the British people. Such statements are quite as contrary to the evidence as Mr. Rusk's and create the same obstacles to any improvement in relations.

Many people in this country would agree with Mr. Tsou in regretting the rather half-hearted stand which the British Government has taken in support-

ing Chinese claims which they believed to be just—the U.N. seat, Formosa and representation in settling the Japanese peace treaty. But the British authorities could take a much stronger stand in supporting Chinese claims if they had some reason to believe that a response from the Chinese side would enable them to refute their critics at home and abroad by reaching a fair negotiated settlement of Sino-British differences. In fact, Chinese statements have led the British authorities to suspect that nothing short of the subordination of British policy to Communist control would produce a response from the Chinese side. Given this complete lack of encouragement from China, even the rather half-hearted British actions indicate a very genuine desire for better relations.

The real issue between Britain and China is that the British Government believes that Russian imperialism is a far more serious danger than American imperialism while the Chinese Government holds the opposite opinion. Both could produce some valid evidence in support of their views, and in both countries actions motivated by fear are taken by the other country as evidence of aggressive intentions. In this sort of situation the most urgent necessity is the development of mutual understanding based on a determination to find out the real facts and a desire to understand the position of the other side. What is alarming in the present Chinese position is the rejection of the frank discussion of differences which is the essential basis for any such understanding. A few years ago the obstacles to Sino-British understanding came preponderantly from the British side. But, more recently, an increasing British reasonableness has coincided with a growing Chinese intransigence. The best assistance which Mr. Tsou or your correspondents from Tsinghua could give to those in the West who are opposing MacArthurism would be to denounce the Chinese exponents of the Communist equivalent of MacArthurism.

84 Sunny Bank, Hull. MICHAEL LINDSAY

CRISIS IN SPAIN

SIR,—Your correspondent's interesting article last week struck this reader, at least, as a piece of rather skilfully disguised wishful thinking. At the same time, his arguments suggesting a possibility of Franco's overthrow "this summer" seemed to apply equally to quite the reverse. I have been in regular and frequent correspondence with many friends in Madrid since my own last visit to Spain two years ago, and although they have always spoken of the regime with the utmost (and uncensored) candour, none of them has so far let fall any hint that a serious crisis is approaching.

As most well-informed observers know, there are too many mutually irreconcilable dissident factors working against an upheaval. The unrest which came to a head at Barcelona, Bilbao, Pamplona, and lastly Madrid, has existed for years and everybody has known it. In my opinion, the fact that it could come to a head at all was entirely due to the return of the foreign ambassadors to Madrid, which in itself has been a positive safeguard against any savage repressive action by the regime, and has even made it "safer" for the popular will to express itself.

There are dissident groups in every camp in Spain, Left and Right, in the Church, the Army, the Syndicates, and the Falange. But these are hardly formidable enough, even if they all could be combined, to destroy the regime, still less put another in its place.

Negrin has few supporters in Spain. I was told, however, by someone high up in the Corps Diplomatique, that he has continued to receive in exile the income from his Spanish property, sent to him by his lawyer in Madrid, openly and at regular intervals. This, possibly, is just another "Spanish paradox."

Sale. CHARLES RIGBY

PROMISE UNFULFILLED

SIR,—There are some statements in Miss Salkeld's article "Promise Unfulfilled" which I think need correction and amplification. The London County Council has three boarding special schools for maladjusted children and by the autumn it hopes to open two new schools. There will then be accommodation in the Council's own schools for 165 boys and girls. The London County Council has also in other boarding special schools, hostels, or independent boarding schools over 300 children.

Not all maladjusted children need to be educated away from home. Many are being treated in child guidance clinics and some attend the day special classes which are mentioned by Miss Salkeld. The children who attend these classes do so for more than one session a week; the minimum period is three sessions weekly and some attend more often according to their need.

In these days to provide boarding special schools it is necessary to find suitable houses which can be adapted for the purpose. Staff must be found who are fitted to undertake the care of children who are, as is set out in the Ministry's regulations, "pupils who show evidence of emotional instability or psychological disturbance who require special educational treatment in order to effect their personal, social, or educational readjustment."

Although the growing waiting list for boarding special schools is cause for much concern, suitable provision must be limited by the obvious practical difficulties which tend to hinder a rapid expansion of a relatively new service.

R. MCKINNON WOOD,
Chairman of the Education Committee.
The County Hall,
London, S.E.1.

SIR,—Those who have at heart the welfare of maladjusted children will be grateful, as I am, for Nancy Salkeld's informed and sympathetic article. Some of your readers may be interested to know of the recently formed Association of Workers for Maladjusted Children. Membership is open to those whose work is in any way concerned with maladjusted children. A statement of the aims and objects and activities of the Association may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Otto Shaw, of Red Hill School, Sutton Valence, Kent.

PORTIA HOLMAN, *Chairman*.
52 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

CRACKSMANSHIP

SIR,—
When Sagittarius stoops to folly and
Fails to confirm the current gen is right,
Such Marxsmanship, which scarcely scores an outer,
Dismays the rank-and-file toxophilite.

In both contenders for the World Chess title
Being Russians, is no dark design concealed—
These Kremlin plots are best dreamt up
by Deakin—
It's just that Bronstein earlier beat the field.

Since Bronstein and Botvinnik long since cabled
Regrets for absence from the Staunton show,
The smear by implication loses venom—
There's no suspense in waiting for their "no."

Though once the Cracksmen's *doyen* may
have nodded,
Still stands the ancient dogma of the craft:
Blunt instruments are out—the prey is blooded
Only by proper aiming of the shaft.

London, W.C.1. JAMES THORNLEY

"CHESS HUMANISED"

SIR,—Professor L. S. Penrose in reviewing Assiac's *Adventure in Chess*, which we have just published, incorrectly describes the book as an amplification of Assiac's chess articles in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

In fact, it is a new work which is in no sense a compilation, as will be seen readily by all those who are encouraged to buy it after reading Professor Penrose's other interesting and favourable comments.

Turnstile Press. MICHAEL HODSON

WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

SIR,—I would agree that love is essentially more interesting than sport, crime or politics, but what irritates me about the women's magazines scattered so lavishly on chairs and floor by my daughters is the sameness of this love. I would not claim to have an immodestly wide experience, but, such as it is, it has contained episodes of considerably more variety and—dare I say?—interest, than those portrayed in the magazines, which rarely seem to leave certain rather over-travelled *Street Car* lines. As to fashion, one has perhaps to choose between the restless and rather destructive culture of the West and other cultures where more value is laid upon extremely beautiful and often costly materials which can be passed down a family, giving a sense of continuity and coherence. I am inclined somewhat to the latter by the fact that this use of materials allows the ageing woman to get real pleasure out of her clothes, whereas in the world of women's magazines she feels herself but a poor reflection of the unscarred young, and so loses confidence or lapses into the "matronly" fashions which, alas, we see only too often on Labour and Co-op platforms. I would also complain that the cookery articles, when followed, only too often produce something which may be ever so like a pretty spring hat, but are not really edible. NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale, Argyll.

BIBLICAL CHRONOLOGY

SIR,—Mr. Harold Binns says "Adam (who, according to biblical chronology, lived some five thousand years ago). . . ." He probably refers to the date "4004 B.C." found in the margin of many Bibles. This date stems from the mind, not of any biblical writer, but of Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, who died in 1656. Forty years ago Encycl. Brit. recorded that he "propounded a now disproved system of biblical chronology, whose dates were inserted by some unknown authority in the margin of reference editions of the Authorised Version."

Probably Mr. Binns will agree that we may as well be accurate, even if the subject discussed is unimportant. CANON T. B. SCRUTTON

23 Orchard Road,
Kingston-on-Thames.

G. W. Stonier

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Drawings by Lynton Lamb

The remarkable versatility of G.W. Stonier's prose is brilliantly displayed in this unusual book. Like London itself, its pattern is one of contrast, change and surprise; moods and tenses mingle and fantasy blends with fact as the Unicorn strolls from one part of London to another, describing what he sees and pausing at street corners to tilt his horn at the habits of the natives.

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Books in General

THE vogue of Faulkner in France at the present time is easily understandable. Writing after 1918 about a society which had not recovered from the Civil War and which was to be marked by the demoralisation of the period of Prohibition and the gangsters, Faulkner anticipated some of the circumstances of the lawless life which rose in France under the Occupation and in the Resistance. Society was paddling in general crime, publicly selling injustice at every street corner, and the college boy and his girl in *Sanctuary* were vicious replicas of the adolescents who had first appeared in Gide, and who, in the war, moved beyond civilised judgment. The only comment possible came from the Negroes—the verse occurs in *Sartoris:*

> Sinner riz frum de moaner's bench,
> Sinner jump to de penance bench;
> When de preacher ax 'im whut de reason why,
> Say, "Preacher got de women, jes' de same ez I."
> Oh, Lawd, oh Lawd.
> Dat's whut de matter with de church to-day.

And the women had got the moonshine whisky.

Faulkner's obscure and rankling genius began to work at the point when, failing to find a place from which to make a judgment, he set to writing about people from the whirlpool inside them, floating along with experience as it came out. His confusing, difficult, punch-drunk novels are in fact elaborately patterned and, as time has gone by, they have become (I think, ingeniously) didactic; but they fill the demand made by some Existentialists for a novel without a centre and which works outwards from the narrator in all directions at once. They exploit "the absurd," the cruel meaninglessness of existence and they hope, by making every instant of any character's consciousness a life and death matter, to collect at the end a small alluvial deposit of humanism.

Faulkner is an affected but seminal writer for those who are in situations similar to his. In England, because the situation does not exist or because our overwhelmingly strong social instinct can still fairly successfully cover-up and deal with disintegration at the same time, Faulkner's vogue has passed. He was admired for his devices and was a romantic and exotic; he seemed to have opened rhetorical or poetic avenues into popular life and speech and to have caught a kind of Elizabethan dramatic spirit. In the end, Southern misery and his mannerisms palled. We had heard enough of hill-billies for a lifetime and he seemed to be an obsessed provincial stewing too long in his own juice. Now his books are difficult to obtain.

*Soldiers' Pay**, his earliest book, has just been re-issued. It is, one sees immediately, much fresher than the later, ruminating and didactically humanistic Faulkner. It has the lyrical hardness, the fire of experiment and crispness of design which were to be found in *Light in August* and *The Sound and the Fury*, and is written before Faulkner became so deedily engrossed in his own complexity. He belongs to the period of difficult writing, obliquity, the self-propagating image that grows like a brilliant fungus all over his prose. And when this Southern dandyishness is given up, he is apt to convey the agony of the South in an agonising prose which appears to be chewed like tobacco and occasionally squirted out, instead of being written. The total effect is, however, hypnotic. After being trained for a generation since Joyce on difficult, associative writing, we ought not to be set back, and I can only suppose the English reader lacks the necessary links with the Southern Negro and poor white cultures. But there is more than that to the difficulty of Faulkner: it is not that he is allusive or perpetually putting fresh obstacles in the way of his vision, but that he gives all his allusions and obstacles the same value. I will quote a long passage from *Intruder in the Dust* which describes the capture of a fugitive who has jumped into a river. In isolation it is excellent—but remember a whole book has been written in this eye-blinding, mind-stunning incantation:

> . . . . he saw the old man jump feet first off the bank and with no splash no disturbance of any sort continue right on not through the bland surface but past it as if he had jumped not into anything but past the edge of a cliff or a window-sill and then stopping, half-disappeared as suddenly with no shock or jolt; just fixed and immobile as if his legs had been cut off at the loins by one swing of a scythe, leaving his trunk sitting upright on the bland, depthless milklike sand.
>
> 'All right, boys', old Gowrie cried, brisk and carrying: 'Here he is. I'm standing on him.'
>
> And one twin got the rope bridle from the mule and the leather one and the saddle girth from the mare and using the shovels like axes the Negros hacked willow branches while the rest of them dragged up other brush and poles and whatever else they could reach or find or free and now both twins and the two Negroes, their empty shoes sitting on the bank, were down in the sand too and steadily there came down from the hills the ceaseless strong murmur of the pines but no other sound yet although he strained his ears listening in both directions along the road, not for the dignity of death because death has no dignity, but at least for the decorum of it: some little at least of that decorum which should be every man's helpless right until the carrion he leaves can be hidden from the ridicule and the shame, the body coming out now feet first, gallowsed up and out of the inscrutable suck to the heave of the crude tackle then free of the sand with a faint smacking plop like the sound of lips perhaps in sleep and in the bland surface nothing: a faint wimple wrinkled already fading then gone like the end of a faint secret fading smile, and then on the bank now while they stood about and over it and he was listening harder than ever now with something of the murderer's own frantic urgency both ways along the road though there was still nothing . . . .

Faulkner clutches at every sight and suggestion with the avidity of suspicion and even mania, and all manias create monotony. This is true also of the mania for domestic realism in Defoe. But in that passage Faulkner is simultaneously conveying the effect of the event on a boy's mind—for the story is seen through the eyes of a boy. Faulkner's ambition is poetic and he is attempting the instantaneous delivery of a total experience. In all his novels, he is trying to give each instant of experience in depth, to put not only physical life as it is seen directly on the page, but all the historical and imaginative allusions of a culture at the same time. If the reader is stunned by the slow, deliberate blow, that is precisely the effect Faulkner is seeking, for we do, in fact, live stunned and stupefied by the totality of our experience and our present position in our life story is simply the little clearing we have cut and the devious fading path we have left behind us, in the jungle. Order, or at any rate pattern, is that which comes *afterwards* to this romantic novelist who begins in the middle of the mind. He is a man outside the imposed, clarifying authority of some established system of values. We do not really know the beginning of Faulkner's stories until we have reached the end, till we have worked our way out of the jungle.

Faulkner's method of story-telling requires no justification: it has the conundrum quality of a pattern, and intricate patterns are as exciting as elaborate plots. He is a superb creator of episode—the opening train scene in *Soldiers' Pay*, the comic brothel scenes in *Sanctuary*, the account of the raid on the Federal breakfast table in the opening chapters of *Sartoris*—and when he creates passing character, the awful politician Snopes for example, the ink bites. But the true justification of the method is that it creates the South in depth as, I think, no other part of America has been created by a novelist since the time of *Huckleberry Finn*. American novelists have composed reports, records, chronicles of other regions, but the impression is of life in some passing, cynical, littered encampment; Faulkner, on the other hand, seems to be engaged in a compulsive task, as if he had undertaken awkwardly the building of a culture out of its ruins, as a one-man mission. And perhaps, because of its social tragedy, its knowledge of ruin and decadence, the guilt felt because of its crimes against the Negro, the South is America's richest artistic soil.

Faulkner has the ubiquity of the reporter who knows the corruption of a town or a region inside out. He has also the moodiness of the man of letters. His capacity to catch mood is apparent in *Soldiers' Pay* when he placed a dying, speechless, returned soldier in the midst of his story and played the reviving post-war world of 1918 around him, as it moved into jazz and bootlegging. His lyrical power in that book is mannered, but his mannerisms represent a passionate attempt to burn the scene into our senses for ever. He is excellent at crowded scenes; in social life, in dances, court house gatherings, riots, train journeys, Saturday night streets, where a sinister action winds separately in and out among the wanderings of people. He is a novelist of journeys. He is no great hand, indeed he is painfully stiff in describing the inner life of sensitive people; and he is too concerned with the visual scene for the crucial business of creating large characters. Even his distinctive people are minor figures, and this suggests sterility of imagination. But he is remarkable in grasping the essential fragment, the live coal which keeps a life going, so that we are aware of living among the unconscious motives of people and of knowing how they will act. His men are rarely friends, his women nearly always enemies except for

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idealised creatures like Mrs. Powers in *Soldiers' Pay*. He is especially good at shallow young women, whom he hates and exposes, but whose points and vanity attract him. His weakest characters are the rhetorical cynics whose Shakespearian tone adds a vague oratorical fog to the tale; but this strange mixture of artifice and realism is his native mixture. In all his people, except the figures of pure evil like Popeye, he is sifting until he comes down to the infinitesimal deposit of humanity. His brutality is frightening because it is sardonic and always has a theatrical twist—one thinks of the man, running with a petrol can at a lynching, who gets himself blown up by mistake.

Faulkner's sense of human pain and the damage done to people, their blank cruelties and the disguised suffering which they have accepted as part of the furniture of life, comes from a maturity rare in American novels; and he has shown here the power to grow out of the bitterness and cynicism and bragging sentimentalities which Hemingway never advanced from. In the didactic novels of his later period there is no uplift. He inculcates the rudiments of humanity, by cunning and the correcting of observation. If the boy in *Intruder in the Dust* is likely to side with the accused Negro, it is because he has learned to test his experience and to listen to his sensibility. He will always remember what the smell of the negro really is after being wrapped in the old Negress's quilt in her cabin: it is the smell of poverty.

I do not know whether these merits could have made Faulkner a great novelist, but they make him a source. Rancorous and obsessive, he has carried his quarrel with his region very wide, like some preacher chased out of town. And, what subjects—the English novelist will sigh—he has to hand. What advantages a lawless society brings to the writer.

V. S. PRITCHETT

"AS A BOY WITH A RICHNESS OF NEEDS I WANDERED"

As a boy with a richness of needs I wandered
In car parks and streets, epicure of Lagondas,
Minervas, Invictas, and Hispano Suizas;
And I sampled as roughage and amusing sauce
Rovers and Rileys, and the occasional funny
Trojan with chain drive, and the Morris Cowleys
With small inquisitive noses, sedate Fiat
Of the nineteen-thirties, and the Alvis, middle-brow
Between the raffish sports car and the family bus.
I was tempted by aircraft, too, sniffing
Over "The Aeroplane" and "Flight"—those kites.
They seem today, knocked up in a back yard
By young laconic artists who sketched with rivets:
Westland Wapiti, Bristol Bulldog, and the great
De Havilland Hercules, invading the desert
And pulsing within its sleep like a troubling nerve;
And surely, I think, as I remember those feasts
They were days of excitement and lavish surprise?
Where is the tantalising richness and hazard
Of assertive styling, of crazy rigs,
Now that a car is unremarkably one of a million,
And an aeroplane a tubular schedule? I wander
Still in the car parks, but now uneasily,
Thinking that engineering is a sort of evolution—
Out of the fittest come the many merely fit;
And I wonder if I am wrong, or the world, whose aspect
Is nowhere strange, but is nowhere horse.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

OUT OF INSANITY

William Cowper. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Lehmann.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cowper is, as it were, a marginal case; not a great poet, yet something more than a minor one, his popularity and his stature have been comparatively unaffected by successive revolutions in taste. Except in a few rare and obvious instances, the poetic pressure behind his work was low. Writing of "I am monarch of all I survey," Mr. Nicholson refers to his "inspired obviousness," and the phrase is a good one; the obviousness, since it is inspired, does not prevent his poetry being other than delightful, but the delight we get from Cowper is of a kind we do not commonly expect from poetry: it cheers, but does not inebriate. Indeed, if we wanted a symbol for Cowper it would surely be the nice cup of tea, with all the associations the nice cup of tea carries with it in the English mind, a busy domestic activity carried out in the garden or, when the curtains are drawn in the evening, in the mild light of the lamp, whether standard or oil. But—and this is the point from which Mr. Nicholson's examination of Cowper's poetry begins—outside the lamplight, in the shadows beyond, lurk the unimaginable and yet for Cowper only-too-easily-imagined horrors. The poet tends his garden, plays with his pet hares, drinks his tea while Mrs. Unwin knits; and all the time he knows he is damned. There is the paradox: "He was," writes Mr. Nicholson, "at times a madman, and he was always one whose mental powers were unstable, yet his poetry is essentially the poetry of the sane."

A greater and more tragic madman than Cowper cried *Vive la bagatelle!* and in a very real sense Cowper's poetry is the poetry of the bagatelle, the poetry of a man whiling away his time as contentedly as he may until the volcano on whose flank he dwells bursts into eruption and destroys him. It is, then, a poetry conceived in very narrow limits, but the limits are Cowper's own. They are self-imposed. Cowper may be seen as a precursor of the Romantics, but he was clearly still in the Augustan tradition, subscribing to its precepts of order and definition, its principle of "nothing too much." Here our affection for Cowper turns into respect and admiration. How admirably sane he was about his madness. As Mr. Nicholson says: "However hopeless he might be about his own fate, he did not feel that the rest of mankind was involved in the same predicament." On this aspect of Cowper, as indeed on so many others, Mr. Nicholson is most perceptive and just: "When he calls himself a stricken deer that left the herd, there is no implication that anything is wrong with the herd."

Mr. Nicholson is concerned with the facts of Cowper's life only in so far as they illuminate his poetry. It has been suggested that the Evangelical movement, if it did not drive him into madness, at any rate exacerbated it. This seems unlikely; after all, his first mental breakdown occurred before his conversion; and the notion probably arises from a misconception of the nature of the Evangelical movement. On this Mr. Nicholson is excellent. His thesis is that Cowper became a poet as a result of the movement: "It gave him a deep emotional experience, a prolonged fervour which for many months lifted him like a love affair above the compromises and consequences of everyday life"; and though his best poetry was written after the initial fervour had died down, as a result of the Evangelical movement he was brought face to face with the objective existence of nature. And in a way he may even be considered lucky in the form his madness took. He believed he was damned; from the very nature of the belief there was nothing he could do about it. All that remained, until hell claimed him, was to make the best of things and, very much in a Voltairean sense, cultivate his garden. But the Evangelical movement did not condemn its followers to gloom; it was not at all puritanical after the manner of the New England of Hawthorne's tales, for example. It gave to its members the sense of involvement in the cosmic drama, but it did not interdict the minor pleasures of life, and Cowper's poetry is the poetry of the minor pleasures. There was, therefore, a whole safe area of experience in which Cowper could range at will, and when we consider what he made of his ranging the thing that most strikes us, perhaps, is his honesty. It is honesty born of accuracy of observation and an invincible reluctance to inflate the significance of what has been observed. One sees this throughout *The Task*; in the lines, for example, on his shadow:

> Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
> In spite of gravity, and sage remark
> That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
> Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
> I view the muscular proportion'd limb
> Transform'd to a lean shank. . . .

One feels always that within the area of safety Cowper knew every inch of the ground like the back of his hand, and yet saw it as perpetually fresh; and it was there, in the experience of the daily walk, the daily work in the garden, and the life indoors when the curtains were drawn and the lamps lit, that, as Mr. Nicholson observes, he "placed his vision of earthly felicity." It is a vision as fully and precisely rendered as any in our literature, and by setting Cowper firmly in the religious context of his time Mr. Nicholson extends our knowledge of it.

WALTER ALLEN

ROSA LUXEMBURG'S THEORY

The Accumulation of Capital. By ROSA LUXEMBURG. Translated by Agnes Schwarzschild; introduction by Joan Robinson. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

Rosa Luxemburg is one of the really big figures in the history of the international Socialist movement, and *The Accumulation of Capital* is unquestionably her *magnum opus*. That the work should now be made available in English, and in an excellent translation, too, is all to the good.

To understand *The Accumulation of Capital* one must "place" it in the Socialist literature of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. This was the period of the great debate between the "orthodox" Marxists and the "revisionists," a debate which, on the purely analytical plane, turned around the question: could capitalism go on expanding indefinitely, or must it sooner or later break down from its own inherent economic contradictions? The revisionists championed a theory of indefinite expansibility and drew from it the conclusion that there was no rush about Socialism and no need to prepare for emergencies—everything could be arranged quietly and gradually. The "orthodox" were unanimous in rejecting this theory but very far from unanimous about what they thought to be the correct theory. It was in effect this problem that Rosa Luxemburg undertook to solve in *The Accumulation of Capital*. The title indicates where she found the core of the problem and conveys, as accurately as a brief title can, the subject-matter with which the whole book is concerned.

Rosa Luxemburg's theory is original and ingenious. She starts by examining Marx's famous reproduction schemes in Volume II of *Capital*, and concludes that he did not succeed in demonstrating the possibility of accumulation in a closed capitalist system. Accumulation, she held, can take place only if capitalists can turn their surplus value into money, and this presupposes the existence of an effective demand of the right kind and magnitude. But where is this demand to come from? According to Rosa Luxemburg, Marx had no answer. She next sets off in search of an answer in the works of other economists—Sismondi, the Ricardians, Malthus, Rodbertus, Bulgakov and Tugan-Baranowsky are the chief ones covered—but finds that all of them failed to provide it. She now gives her own explanation of this apparent paradox: no economist has ever been able to demonstrate the possibility of accumulation within a closed

capitalist system because in truth no such possibility exists. Capitalism can live and expand only in a non-capitalist environment which provides the effective demand for the capitalists' surplus value and thus enables them to accumulate. But in expanding, capitalism uses up and destroys its non-capitalist living space and eventually must make its own further existence impossible. In the meantime its course is one of merciless encroachment upon any and all non-capitalist strata and nations. All the latest phenomena of imperialism are brought into the framework of this theory: nowhere is there to be found a more impassioned and sustained denunciation of the horrors of imperialism than in the closing chapters of *The Accumulation of Capital*. But this theory did more than account for what was happening in the capitalist world; it also pointed to the inevitable breakdown facing capitalism when the non-capitalist environment is at length exhausted, and it warned Socialists to be ready to take over—when the final *débâcle* comes, at the latest, but preferably long before, in order to put an end to the dreadful agonies which capitalism inflicts upon the human race.

There is something very impressive about the unity and power of Rosa Luxemburg's argument. Indeed, seen as a whole and in the context of the debate over revisionism, it stands out as a remarkable achievement—and this in spite of numerous analytical errors which entirely invalidate the central economic thesis. A series of critics—all, as far as I know, Marxists of one sort or another—have demonstrated the confusion which lies at the basis of Rosa Luxemburg's theory. There is no *a priori* impossibility of capital accumulation in a closed capitalist system; and if there were, the non-capitalist environment would in no way help matters. What Rosa Luxemburg really does is to examine the problem of accumulation with the premises of "simple reproduction" (from which accumulation is excluded) and then call in the non-capitalist environment as a sort of *deus ex machina* to get her out of the resulting muddle. But confused as her economic theory is, Rosa Luxemburg had the kind of inspired grasp of historical realities which enabled her to transcend all her illogicalities and to produce a work which lives on as one of the classics of Socialist literature.

Of all this, it should be said, there is hardly a trace in Joan Robinson's introduction to the English translation of *The Accumulation of Capital*. Mrs. Robinson's interests lie elsewhere, in finding similarities and analogies between the ideas of Rosa Luxemburg and those of latter-day academic economists, especially Keynes and his followers. With this in mind, Mrs. Robinson cheerfully ignores or brushes aside arguments which Rosa Luxemburg would have insisted upon as the very heart of her theory; in their place Mrs. Robinson puts her own interpretations, which are certainly closer to Keynesian doctrine but which, one suspects, would hardly have evoked the enthusiasm of Rosa Luxemburg. In the eyes of the Keynesians there is no greater honour than that of having been in some sort a forerunner of the master. An old Socialist fighter like Rosa Luxemburg would doubtless have declined the honour without thanks.

There is one serious criticism to be made of this edition of *The Accumulation of Capital*. As noted above, the work first appeared in 1913. It was immediately subjected to a storm of criticism in the German and Austrian movements (essentially aimed, it ought to be added, at its revolutionary conclusions rather than at its economic theory). While in prison during World War I, Rosa Luxemburg wrote an answer which was published after the war under the title *The Accumulation of Capital, or What the Epigones have made of Marxian Theory*. This reply to her critics, is valuable not only from the standpoint of doctrinal history but also because it contains the simplest and most concise statement of Rosa Luxemburg's own theory. It is a great pity that it was not included in the English edition.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

THE BADGE OF COURAGE

Stephen Crane (American Men of Letters Series). By JOHN BERRYMAN. *Methuen*. 15s.

Literature like war produces the guerilla of genius: the man who operates on the fringes of the real conflict, making his moving headquarters in the no-man's-land behind the enemy's lines. He becomes a legendary figure in his own lifetime, with his startling sallies and his sudden withdrawals, and after his death he is pursued by biographers often more concerned with his life than the value of his work. Crane, who wrote his best book *The Red Badge of Courage* at the age of 23, and who died at 28, is just such a figure. Those five years contained war experiences in Greece and Cuba, two novels, a volume of poems, five volumes of short stories, marriage to a brothel-keeper, the friendship of Henry James and Conrad, police persecution in New York, settlement in an old Sussex manor house.

Crane wrote his most famous book without experience of war and ruined his health in testing the truth of his imagination. What a lot of valuable time he wasted which he might have spent on his craft, for all that he really learned in Greece and Cuba was that his twenty-three year old imagination had been accurate—war *was* like *The Red Badge of Courage*. Behaving with suicidal recklessness he checked his main facts, but he had no time to check the details of his style. He had begun under the unfortunate influence of Kipling and he never completely shed that "knowingness" which Kipling acquired in a Calcutta newspaper office (you find it even in *The Open Boat*) and the exaggerations of a journalist. "The crimson terror of an exploding shell," "the earthquake explosions drove him insane with the menace of their roar," "the red hate of the shells," these phrases are taken from his later work. One of his finest stories, *The Blue Hotel*, is damaged by a Kipling affectation in the last paragraph admired by Mr. Berryman. "The corpse of the Swede, alone in the saloon, had its eyes fixed upon a dreadful legend that dwelt atop of the cash-machine: 'This registers the amount of your purchase.'"

A guerilla knows that his time is likely to be short and his material of war is limited and often unrenewable, so that his choice of action is narrowed. This is what we feel in Crane's work—a bareness, a recklessness, a "making do." He had, all his short life, intuitions rather than knowledge. How splendidly they sometimes came off, and how often on other occasions he cheated, allowing the anonymous physical actions of his characters to do more than in fact they could, disguising his lack of psychological knowledge by a startling gesture. He needed time, we feel, to grow up to his finest intuitions. In one of his best stories, *Death And The Child*, there is a phrase, "it was as simple as some powerful symbol," and in time the crimson terrors would have been shed and the powerful symbols would have remained, all the more legendary and monolithic for sticking up as they did from the dry desert prose—subject, verb, object, endlessly repeated. "Peza, having crossed the long cartridge belt on his breast, felt that the dead man had flung his two arms around him."

One wishes one could recommend this new critical biography of Crane, but it is as unsatisfactory in its own way as Thomas Beer's. Mr. Berryman has tried to be more accurate about his facts, but his self-conscious tortured prose is unable to convey accuracy. Simple statements are so twisted that sometimes they remain completely incomprehensible. "Then Crane had to get back to Lakeview and on the 26th he requisitioned by letter five dollars from Acton Davies or Ed's front door and baby would make his next meal."

His criticism is equally unsatisfactory: some dubious dogmas (*The Red Badge of Courage*

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We might be interested in a psychiatrist's report on Crane's books, though without the living man to question and study, the report would be very tentative and of clinical rather than critical value. But we are not prepared to treat seriously the badly written and muddled conclusions of a writer without the necessary medical qualifications and without the practical experience of a consultant.

GRAHAM GREENE

MILL AND HIS PLATONICA

John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor. By F. A. HAYEK. *Routledge.* 18s.

A complete life of John Stuart Mill has yet to be written. In the famous Autobiography he himself recorded the growth and maturity of his reasoning faculties with such admirable lucidity and detachment that he has kept posterity staring ever since at the bust of a philosopher in place of a full-length self-portrait. This concentration on the intellect, to the exclusion of the emotions, did duty very well for the Victorians, who preferred their view of great men to be cut off at the waist. But the twentieth century pries deeper. Heroes of the past may not all have had feet of clay, yet they must have had feet of some sort; and we are nowadays intent on uncovering the emotional basis that sustained their heroic superstructure.

In Mill's case the Autobiography drops a few tantalising hints, and then sinks into silence. "I thus grew up in the absence of love and the presence of fear," sums up his loveless childhood and his tyrannical father. "The lady, who after a friendship of twenty years, consented to become my wife," is allotted three glowing pages, describing the range of her imagination and the strength of her mind, but containing no reference whatever to her bodily charms; and the friendship between her and Mill might be thought to be merely the outcome of mutual intellectual interests. We have to consult the report of an acquaintance to learn that the lady, Mrs. Harriet Taylor, had a swan-like throat, a complexion like a pearl, large dark eyes and a low sweet voice at the date when she first met Mill. But even Mill's family and his closest friends were baffled by the nature of the couple's relationship; they did not share Mill's respect for Mrs. Taylor's mental capacities, yet they could not, knowing full well Mill's high-mindedness, believe that the link between the two was sex, as long as Mrs. Taylor was living respectably with her husband and three children. Carlyle, for instance, gave up the riddle; he took a dislike to the lady, judged her pretentious, nicknamed her "the Platonica," and left it at that.

Professor Hayek now prints extracts from the correspondence between Mill and Mrs. Taylor, which has been lying about unpublished for some 100 years. The compilation has been arduous, for the documents were at one time sold by auction and thereby scattered over University libraries throughout England and the U.S.A. Moreover, many of the letters are undated; and without judicious use of internal evidence and ample notes it would have been impossible to present them to the reader in an orderly and comprehensible shape. All this work of scholarship Professor Hayek has done admirably, but there he stops short. He limits himself deliberately to impartial presentation of the material, and leaves it to the reader to interpret it as best he can. So at last we have the secret of John Stuart Mill's intimacy with Harriet Taylor exposed to view—provided we can find the right pair of spectacles to see through!

On one point only does the scholarly editor allow himself to express his own opinion. Mill's assertions that Mrs. Taylor was not only his equal but often his superior in mental ability (a claim that was derided by his contemporaries) is sufficiently borne out by these letters to convince Professor Hayek that Mill was right, and that we must accept as a fact that the works published under Mill's name were largely the product of joint authorship. And with this judgment a reader of the book would need to be a violent anti-feminist to disagree. Mrs. Taylor reveals herself, in rather incoherent and impetuous language, as a woman of remarkable intellect and great enthusiasm. Far from sitting at Mill's feet as an adoring disciple we see her taking the lead in the discussion of burning topics, and often keeping her more diffident correspondent up to the intellectual mark. Indeed, she seems more sure of Mill's opinions than he was of himself.

We may readily grant Harriet Taylor her full share in Mill's nobly expressed views on Ethics and Politics, but was that all? Was their liaison purely in the lofty regions of creative thought? What are we to make of their *billets-doux* exchanged so freely, or of the occasion when they were found nibbling two cherries off one stalk "like two love-birds?" Shall an ignorant reviewer rush in where Professor Hayek fears to tread?

It must be remembered that during the first 19 years of this strange fellowship, from 1830 to 1849, Harriet's husband, John Taylor, was still alive and on good terms with his wife. Yet there was never a *ménage à trois*. Harriet divided her time between her husband's London house and various country cottages where Mill went to stay at week-ends. When Mill came to dine with her in London, her husband would dine out. Occasionally she and Mill would even travel abroad alone together with her husband's full knowledge and approval. After John Taylor's death—his wife nursed him devotedly through his last illness—the couple waited two years before they married.

There can be no question that Harriet Taylor and John Stuart Mill fell completely in love with each other almost at first sight, when they met in the summer of 1830; he was then 24 years old, and she 22, having been married at the age of 18. Her third and last child was born in July, 1831; and John Taylor was certainly the father. About 1832 both Mill and Mrs. Taylor recorded their views of marriage and divorce for each other's benefit. Both, like the Rationalists they were, favoured divorce whenever one of the parties to the marriage desired it; both were courageous and ready to defy public opinion. Why then no divorce from John Taylor? The mystery deepens; and none of the surviving documents throws any further light. But some of the facts of life are rarely committed to paper, even where there is the greatest intimacy. As a conjecture I hazard one hypothesis that would solve the enigma: that John Stuart Mill was neurotically impotent and Harriet Taylor neurotically frigid. Marriage for them was of two minds rather than two bodies, and therefore in a region where legal ceremonies were of little consequence.

The fragmentary and elusive nature of its contents makes this not an easy book to read; and no one is advised to borrow it from a library for a cursory glance. Its place should be on the permanent shelf for future reference when a full life of Mill comes to be written. In the meantime admirers of the great Utilitarian can take comfort that his stature has in no way been diminished by Professor Hayek's revelations. He is a Victorian whose full-length portrait will not belie his bust. This book proves that he told the simple truth about himself and his wife in his Autobiography, although a century has elapsed before he could convince us.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

BOOKS ABOUT SCIENCE

Scientific Thought in the Twentieth Century. Edited by A. E. HEATH. *Watts.* 42*s.*

The History of Science. Edited by JEAN LINDSAY. *Cohen & West.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

New Biology, No. 10. Edited by M. L. JOHNSON and M. ABERCROMBIE. *Penguin.* 1*s.* 6*d.*

Labelled Atoms. By RAYMOND GLASCOCK. *Sigma.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The general reader, to whom we are told the first of these books is addressed, is a better man than I had supposed. He can evidently take Student's test, concerning the precision of the mean of a sample of observations, in his stride, like this:

$$\left(1 + \frac{t^2}{N-1}\right)^{-\frac{1}{2}N}$$

There was good reason for including a chapter on statistical analysis in this volume; and had the author, R. A. Fisher, given us an elementary account of principles, such as the notion of a distribution curve, and their practical significance, he would have achieved something valuable but seldom attempted. Even in the articles on the biological sciences, which are generally less technical than the others, the same problem of level appears. On zoology P. B. Medawar's sparkling essay will no doubt be read with enjoyment by biologists, but understood only with difficulty by the uninitiated.

Firmer editorial direction might have prevented these deviations, and could in any case have ensured a uniform documentation: as it is, some articles give no references, some give footnotes, some a formal bibliography. And the general lack of integration is made worse by gigantic gaps: in biology, for instance, we find no contribution by a botanist, and such subjects as the study of fungi and ecology, both of the greatest practical and theoretical interest, are omitted.

To set against all this we have chapters on social medicine, neurology, social anthropology and sociology; these, and especially the first two, will, I suspect, appeal more than most of the others to general—or at least to NEW STATESMAN

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* * *

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—readers. The most effective essays are, in fact, those in which particular advances are recorded, and brought into relation with human needs. For, despite the title, scientific thought in its general aspects is given little attention. The only essay on science in general is an arid account, by A. J. Ayer, of the hierarchy of languages which constitutes Ayer's own taxonomy of scientific propositions.

If any general reader wishes for a readable source on scientific thought he can turn more profitably to *The History of Science*, a series of broadcast talks originally for sixth forms and repeated on the Third Programme. The rigorous control maintained over broadcasts to schools has given this small, unpretentious and inexpensive volume a surprising unity, despite a diversity of subjects and speakers. The subjects include Dante's view of the universe and the development of scientific instruments in the seventeenth century, as well as more obvious topics such as the researches of Copernicus, Newton and Darwin. The speakers are all authorities in science, history or literature. There is a carefully considered bibliography. This book should be available to every sixth-former, regardless of his or her subject.

The tenth *New Biology* caters for the general reader in articles on Mimicry, on Instinct and on the Gannet; and for the more knowledgeable customer with "The Biological Application of Isotopes" and an excellent, up-to-date account of that notorious animal, *Amœba*. The editors remark that "Life at its apparent simplest has turned out to be very far from simple," and the general reader will probably agree.

Finally, the useful Sigma "Introductions to Science" now include a volume which the blurb admits to be of a more advanced character than most volumes in the series. *Labelled Atoms* is a useful survey of the remarkable new techniques by which materials introduced into the living body, by injection, feeding or other means, can be traced in their progress through the various organs and tissues. This powerful method is now transforming our knowledge of parts of biochemistry and physiology. We may hope, however, that Sigma will return, in future volumes, to the task of introducing science to—the general reader.

ANTHONY BARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Christina Claimed. By GILES ROMILLY. *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Street. By DOROTHY BAKER. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Mine is the Power. By JOHN LUKENS. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the days when *Penguin New Writing* was introducing to the public some names now well known, and publishers were—or should have been—watching from the empyrean with their buzzard's eye, there appeared there three sketches by Giles Romilly. The one I particularly remember was about a prisoner of war bothering over what club he ought to join when he got back to London. It was an airy piece of writing, a bubble that caught the sun, and gave off an iridescent display of the talents of a novelist. There was a purity of dialogue, a smashing sense of comedy, a mask of elegant dottiness covering the harsh sense of reality that is acquired by close observation of the English upper classes. When I heard that Mr. Romilly was in fact having a first novel published, I wondered about the other things that are generally found in first-class novels: the plot, the unifying idea, the sweep of action. Would these also be provided?

To this question different readers are likely to give different answers. But the talent displayed in the sketches is certainly there. Dealing with a milieu of country houses, coming-out dances, suitable marriages, that antediluvian milieu with its glacial rainstorms of disapproval, its steaming mudbaths of money, its red-eyed pachydermatous mammas looking for unsuitable young men to kneel on, the novel gives one first of all this flavour of comedy, of observation. There are characters in this book whom one can see with all the realism of a first-class film, giving away their uncertainty, coldness, greediness or bad temper, in physical action. With the mothers, Lady Faille, Lady Ansett, Lady Clore, Mr. Romilly has moments of Proustian glory. But then this is only the first flavour; when we get closer to what is important Mr. Romilly seems to falter. In the younger generation only the less sympathetic characters are so surely drawn—Elizabeth Ansett and Reginald Braxford. George Chase, Christina's lover, on the other hand, is *too* big, *too* clumsy; his physical presence is intrusive and uncertain, and perhaps symptomatic of some uncertainty in the book itself.

Christina, in this novel of marked physical perceptions, one hardly *sees* at all. She remains a *jeune fille en fleur* who can never be a real, particular girl, because she is only a kind of dream-essence of a group. With her delicacy, her insight, her candour, her sense of honour, her carelessness, she is profoundly attractive; but she is not quite credible. Nor is her fate, the fate which eventually claims her, sufficiently commanding in its reality and particularity.

One is left in some doubt, looking questioningly at the empty glass, wondering if, after all, this was really the long drink with the click in it. This episodic, uneven, subtly-flavoured novel does not hit the palate with a bang. It is rather, with its muted and transformed echoes—for, like all original writing, it seems to contain echoes, echoes in this case of the classic nineteenth-century novelists—mysterious and elusive, lingering with an avocado-like distinction. I don't think it will please every taste; I hope I've made it clear that it greatly pleased mine.

Miss Baker's book is not one to which either of the epithets subtle and distinguished could be applied. This does not mean that it is a bad novel, but merely that it is a different kind of novel from *Christina Claimed*. Only the situation is basically the same: that of a girl disengaged by her perceptions from unworthy surroundings. In *The Street*, however, it is poverty and not privilege that demeans people, and Miss Baker gets her effects by a sober, painstaking realism that plays everything absolutely straight and avoids the temptation of giving the drunks one drink too many and the heroine one pair of shoes too few. The danger with this approach is, of course, that people will put the book down before anything has happened to catch their interest, but Miss Baker will probably manage to manœuvre a good many readers past the sticking point, and they will then find that her method pays off. In describing Dora's relationship with her grandmother—which is a happy one—and with the rest of her family—who are about as nasty a lot as you could wish to avoid—she achieves in the end the effect, austere and sombre yet not unattractive, of a Dutch winter landscape.

Mine is the Power is also a book which achieves something in the end out of unpromising material. Mr. Lukens's story is that of the rise and fall of a dictator in a Mediterranean country (identifiable as Italy). The *Volenta*, Manuel Manta's party, is proletarian, revolutionary and conspiratorial. After the rising Manta becomes Dictator, and in due course is overthrown by the *Aventura*, a new organisation, also proletarian, etc. Nowadays nationalist social-fascist risings seem provincial and *vieux jeu*, an interesting kind of medieval festival preserved in parts of South America. What is pleasantly surprising, once you know what the book is about, and if you can take the almost menacing portentousness, is that it's easy to read, in parts genuinely exciting, and, where not over-written, sometimes moving. It is also convincing, but then we've read about Hitler and Mussolini and don't need much convincing. *Mine is the Power* might have been a kind of masterpiece if it had been written in 1910. It may take genius to get ahead of history, but it is unnecessary to get behind it; a novel in which Mr. Lukens merely kept up to date would be very acceptable.

J. D. SCOTT

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JAN MASARYK

Jan Masaryk. A personal Memoir. By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. *Dropmore Press.* 42*s.*

An earlier generation would have given Jan Masaryk an elegant memorial of marble, with his virtues catalogued at the base. This memoir on thick paper, sold in a limited edition at two guineas, is even better; it is a tribute of affection and of regret. There is not a false note from beginning to end; simply the portrait of one man as he was known to another. It starts with Jan Masaryk in Prague after the first German war, "the playboy of the western world." In those days he deliberately pointed the contrast with his father: the sons of philosophers do well to be frivolous. Behind his gaiety Jan Masaryk had a strain of melancholy and frustration; it is amazing that the disappointments of his public and private life did not bring it out still more. Instead he matured, turned his charm and high-spirits to serious political purpose and became the leading spokesman for his countrymen. The later part of the essay is inevitably more political in tone. It seeks to analyse the line of foreign policy which Jan Masaryk followed during the second German war and to explain how he was caught at last in the disaster of 1948. Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart is of opinion that Jan Masaryk committed suicide. But he also records that Jan sent out a message that he intended to escape. It is unlikely that the truth will ever be known.

Jan Masaryk was a very good man, though not a great one. Despite his social gifts he was not meant for politics at all: he lacked any interest in the struggle for power and would never have taken part in it for any less stake than the existence of his people. As a politician, he had the great, indeed, decisive defect which Benes shared: he had no organised party and interest behind him. His father, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, had once accomplished the miracle of starting from nothing and ending as leader of an entire nation; the miracle could not be repeated. Jan Masaryk, like Danton his prototype, relied on his personality to carry him through. He found in 1938 that this was not enough in international affairs; and ten years later he found that in domestic affairs it was equally inadequate. Personal charm and intellectual arguments could not shake either the men of Munich or the Communists. No diplomatic course could have changed the outcome in 1938; Jan Masaryk's real and inevitable failure was in the years of liberation between 1945 and 1948, when he could not translate his universal popularity into concrete political action. If ever a man preached decency and practised it, Jan Masaryk was that man; decency was his favourite word, as the rule of politics. The moral of his life and death is distressingly simple: against Communists decency is not enough.

A. J. P. Taylor

An Introduction to Contemporary Knowledge. By C. E. M. Joad. *Arnold.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This little book bravely attempts the difficult and useful job of explaining lucidly to children between 15 and 18 the outlines of an up-to-date *Weltanschauung*. Beginning with the physical universe, it gives a brief and simple introduction to stars and their statistics, neutrons and nebulæ. It then proceeds to Life, asks how it began, and discusses evolution. At this point it is already clear that the book, like all such syntheses, has and needs a firm bias to hold it together. Dr. Joad wants to prove that Materialism is Not Enough. He therefore insists on, but does not analyse, the old question "where did it all come from?" We go next to Man, and to a short history of civilisation in Europe, taking in the Jews, though not the Egyptians, and rather surprisingly skipping the Middle Ages. Various historical theories, such as Marx's and Toynbee's, are touched on, and a discussion of man's future destiny is made to depend on an inquiry into his nature. Here Dr. Joad describes the relation of mind and body in Cartesian terms as a mystery, and Materialism as a simplification designed to evade it, but leading to the everlasting refrigerator of the Running Down Universe. To counter this, he depends largely on insisting that physical processes *could* not have started on their own, but also uses the valid point that matter cannot be all, because "thinking," "consciousness" and "truth" are certainly not names for pieces of matter. He ends by discussing various views of Art and Religion, stressing their importance in human life, but not claiming to possess the truth about them. The book, which is intelligible throughout, though careless in detail, ought to be very good for a school debating society.

The Observer's Book of British Architecture By John Penoyre and Michael Ryan. *Warne* 5*s.*

This genuinely pocket-size book does not, with rare exceptions, describe or illustrate particular buildings, nor estimate the achievement of particular architects. With ample line drawings in the text, frequent reference to the limiting conditions of materials, and enough social history to make function clear, it sets out to convey the character and main features of our buildings since the Saxons. It is thus admirably suited for taking on one's travels: the reader is given a firm grasp of general principles and significant forms, to which any building he sees can be easily related. The ingenious Visual Index—of windows, columns, doorways, etc.—is just the thing to sharpen the eye for detail.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,110

Set by Arachne McLeod

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to submit the first stanza (limit ten lines) of a Lamentable Ode on Backing a Derby Loser. Entries by June 12th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,107

Set by J. B. Roderic

Many authors who have gone to live in the country contribute nature journals to the Sunday, weekly and evening papers. The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word extract from such a journal by any one of the following: Ivy Compton-Burnett, Noël Coward, Ronald Firbank, Graham Greene, Christopher Isherwood, Somerset Maugham, Evelyn Waugh.

Report by J. B. Roderic

The joke, of course, was to make the writers deflect as little from their usual paths as was consistent with the unusual assignment; entries that postulated a Gaffer Greene, a Squire Maugham, a Yokel Coward, were summarily rejected. Nobody attempted Isherwood; most of the Waugh and Firbank entries failed in being extracts from rural novels rather than from nature columns. The Firbanks too were far more successful in catching the extravagance of invention (such as the cow "rubbing her backside upon the lapiz lazuli eikon the Exarch's good nature had insisted upon installing"—George Moor) than in matching the rhythms of this inimitable writer. Two guineas to A. M. Sayers; a guinea each to the other four printed. Honourable mention to L. R. Lewis, Allan M. Laing and Roy Christy.

Graham Greene

Lately in my garden I have been admiring the ferocious vitality of the ivy; how in neglected corners it has spread a veil of death over the soil and tentacled upwards to throttle great trees. Weeds are awe-inspiring in their exuberance. Patient and merciless as cats that kill birds, they await their opportunity and strike with marvellous cunning. It goes against the grain to defend the feeble plants that have been so triumphantly outwitted, to undo in an hour what it has taken months of devilry to achieve, but I suppose I must back the puny efforts of conventional order against the well-planned campaign, the courageous underground movement of evil. A. M. Sayers

On Saturday I visited the dentist—a social occasion, like most rural business. The drill, then tea, then the garden. He seemed to have a penchant for yellow: forsythia and yellow tulips echoed the dandelions and kingcups beyond the hedge, so that in the brief sun-

Company Meetings

JOHN SUMMERS & SONS

CENTENARY OF THE BUSINESS. ALL PRODUCTION RECORDS BROKEN.

MR. R. F. SUMMERS'S STATEMENT

THE annual general meeting of John Summers & Sons, Limited, was held on 31st May at Shotton, Chester, Mr. R. F. Summers (chairman of the company) presiding.

The following is the chairman's statement circulated with the report and accounts:—

Before giving an account of our activities during the year 1950 I should like to mention the fact that we are this year celebrating the centenary of our business, which was founded in 1851 by my grandfather, the late John Summers. We are naturally very proud of the great progress that has been made since the very humble beginnings, when clog irons, manufactured in a small room in Stalybridge, were our only product. To mark this centenary we sent out a brochure to our employees and customers, which contained the following message from me:—

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"One hundred years have now passed since the firm of John Summers and Sons came into being at Stalybridge. During this long period the firm's history has been one of steady progress, of happy relationships amongst those who work for it, and of honest trading and fair dealing with its customers—a record indeed of which we may well be proud.

"It fell to the lot of my grandfather and my father to lay the foundations, and it was they—especially my father—who by their unflagging energy and enterprise brought the firm through the first phase of its existence, the hand rolling of our sheet products. It has fallen to the lot of the younger generation to develop and make use of the great strides made in modern machinery, to install the hot and cold continuous strip mills with which you are all so familiar, and to plan the fully integrated steel plant which is now in course of erection at the Hawarden Bridge Steelworks.

"The success of our development—at whatever stage in the Company's history—could never have been accomplished without the loyal support of all engaged in the business, and without the spirit of comradeship which I know exists at Shotton; just as grandfather, father and son have in turn had the honour of being Chairman of the Company, so many other grandfathers, fathers and sons have, by their loyalty and example, made no small contribution to its success. I am naturally justly proud of what has been achieved and I should like to thank you all for your help. In these days it is neither wise nor easy to forecast the future, but I hope that the spirit of friendliness and high endeavour which has prevailed in these Works for so long may help to overcome whatever difficulties lie ahead."

PRODUCTION

It is very gratifying to me to be able to report that last year we again broke all our production records. The combined ingot production at Shotton and Shelton amounted to no less than 760,000 tons, which is 40,000 tons higher than the tonnage produced in 1949. On the hot mill we rolled 564,000 tons—almost 100,000 tons more than last year; 425,000 tons was cold reduced as against 350,000 tons in 1949, and deliveries of finished products to our customers attained the record figure of 564,000—an increase of 100,000 tons over the 1949 figure.

ACCOUNTS

Turning now to the accounts—I do not think there is very much on which I need comment, as they have been drawn up on similar lines to last year. The gross profit is very much the same as last year, in spite of the record production to which I have just referred, but 1950 was a year of rising costs in almost every direction, with no corresponding increase in the selling price of our products, and I feel in the circumstances that it is very satisfactory that our greater production and increased efficiency enabled us to maintain approximately the same figure of gross profit.

INITIAL ALLOWANCES

In the Directors' Report for 1949 it was explained that it was proposed to transfer the initial allowances on the capital expenditure in connection with our large development scheme, comprising the installation of coke ovens, blast furnaces, and a new melting shop, to a special reserve for deferred taxation, in order that the taxation charged in the Profit and Loss account each year would be more truly representative of the liability applicable to the trading profit that year. It will be noticed from the current accounts that the amount transferred to this special reserve amounts to no less than £600,000 with the result that the total amount charged against gross profit for taxation is very similar to the figure for 1949. We are satisfied that this is the most practical way of dealing with initial allowances, especially when they amount to such large sums. The announcement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that these initial allowances are to be discontinued after April, 1952, will, of course, affect the company's cash position, but it is hoped that by that date approximately two-thirds of the cost will have been met.

FINAL DIVIDENDS

The full dividend for the year 1950 was paid on the Preference shares, together with the amount due from January 1st to February 15th, 1951, and the maximum dividend allowed under the Iron and Steel Act was paid on the Ordinary stock for the same period.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

Once again there is set out a table showing the distribution of the Group's income and expenditure, but on this occasion the 1949 figures have also been given for easier comparison. It will be noticed that "Gross Proceeds of Sales and Income from Investments, etc." is up by £4,500,000, demonstrating very clearly the larger volume of trading which I mentioned earlier:—

	1950		1949	
	£	%	£	%
Gross Proceeds of Sales and Income from Investments, etc.	24,070,139	100.0	19,553,194	100.0
Raw Materials	9,048,611	37.6	5,875,217	30.1
Wages, Salaries, Fees, Pensions, State and Workmen's Compensation Insurance	5,542,665	23.0	4,995,239	25.6
Maintenance Materials, Spares, Miscellaneous Supplies and Expenses	2,477,029	10.3	2,320,901	11.9
Coal, Fuel Oil and Electricity	3,152,127	13.1	2,848,761	14.6
Carriage	773,513	3.2	569,592	2.9
Taxation, including Special Reserve for Deferred Taxation	1,556,431	6.5	1,424,151	7.3
Provision for Depreciation	581,858	2.4	510,970	2.6
Transfer to Reserves	560,717	2.3	611,175	3.1
Dividends—net	377,188	1.6	377,188	1.9
	24,070,139	100.0	19,533,194	100.0

DEVELOPMENT SCHEME

Last year in referring to the development scheme I mentioned that expenditure to date on the scheme was £1,127,095; during 1950 a further £2,774,706 was expended. Whilst very considerable progress has been made, the rate at which such schemes as this can be carried out to-day is very much slower than before the war, and deliveries of all types of machinery and equipment are still very protracted. We are, however, pressing on with the scheme as energetically as we can, with a view to bringing the new plant into operation at the earliest moment. Every effort is being made to keep the cost as low as possible, but this is not easy in view of the continually rising prices with which we are at present faced.

In conclusion I should like to thank all employees of this Company and its Subsidiaries for their loyal support and co-operation during 1950, without which such satisfactory results could not have been achieved.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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DAILY NEWS LIMITED

The Annual General Meeting of The Daily News Limited (proprietors of the *News Chronicle* and *The Star*) was held on May 23rd in London.

Mr. L. J. Cadbury (the Chairman), in the course of his speech, said:—

The increase in price to a penny-halfpenny of the national and the London evening papers is an event of major importance in our industry. During 1950 sales of the *News Chronicle* made steady progress, reaching the peak figure of 1,573,057 copies a day in September. Average sales in 1950 were 10,363 copies higher than for the same period in 1949. In 1950 *The Star* recorded an average daily net sale of over 1,236,000 copies, an increase of 29,000 copies a day more than in 1949—the largest increase of any London evening paper over the preceding year, and its steady progress has been maintained. The demand on our advertising columns shows the importance which advertisers attach to our papers.

GALLUP POLL

With the help of the Gallup Poll the *News Chronicle* has made some intensive studies of its readership. The analysis has shown that the *News Chronicle* appeals not only to Liberals but to Conservatives, Socialists and Independents and that it has received increasing support from the middle and professional classes. According to the Poll, 39 per cent of the readership is drawn from the well-to-do and middle income groups.

In this time of political uncertainty the "How would you vote?" questions of the *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll are followed with more intense interest than ever by members of all Parties. The accuracy of its forecasting was vindicated by the results of the General Election of 1950, and it has now become a vital factor in political calculations.

In 1939 the *News Chronicle* was normally 20 pages daily. To-day its maximum size is six pages. Yet in 1950 we were paying a larger paper bill for six pages than we did for 20 before the war. Up to now part of the gap has been filled by increasing advertising rates. However, with the new price of a penny-halfpenny we have reduced the amount of advertising in both papers to give more editorial matter.

shine everything seemed gilded—or was it merely jaundiced? Early butterflies, playing like spots before the eyes, suggested the latter; and crossing the stream below our sewerless village I reflected that the country, no less than the town, has its own forms of halitosis.

A shepherd hurried across the moor to where, under a crag, crows were already gathering ominously; but, above, the carious summit of Caercoed reached towards sky of a clearness rarely seen except in spring. Infinitely remote, a star began to burn with cold Whitsun fire; but in our lane the fallen blackthorn blossom looked like confetti from a last week's wedding.

J. P. STEVENSON

IVY COMPTON-BURNETT

[This week, owing to unfortunate weather, Miss Compton-Burnett's nature ramble has had to be held indoors. Ever resourceful she sends us this account of a conversation between two parrots, which she overheard whilst rambling in the conservatory, and which will, we know, be of great interest to all lovers of wild life.]

"Now we must let the sunshine be within ourselves to-day, Agatha. I confess to a certain void within, and more than could be expected without. To accept it would be to be false to my standard."

"And to bring it down to my lower one, Godfrey?"

"And a higher one too: its being nearer to your function, my dear. Your Godfrey has laid an egg."

"Is it idle to pursue its origin?"

"That which is indicated cannot be gainsaid. You may come to think it is the better thing."

"Well, if tendencies fail to hold their own, concentration on higher things would have been an advance."

"You feel no blame attaching to yourself, Agatha?"

"I feel no attachment to account for this thing which has come upon us. Things may hatch out to lend substance to suspicion. There are those less fortunate than ourselves whose mark may be revealed."

[Egg, hatching]: "Cuckoo!"

P. HOLTBY

NOEL COWARD

Who would have thought that country life would have turned me into a bird bore? Yet already I should describe myself as almost passionately interested in the odd, if slightly rude, goings on in the high life of the woods, were it not that passion is the prerogative of the very young and the very old. I have had a comfortable and decorative "hide" designed and built for me in the forest. One wishes an equally agreeable device could enable one shamelessly to gratify one's natural and insatiable curiosity about the private lives of one's unfeathered friends. However I learn apace. It turns out, for instance, that that somewhat tiresome noise which we all knew from the cuckoo clock in the nursery, is quite appallingly like the real thing. Yet as spring breaks through again, I find this wretched bird's notes strangely touching . . . and terribly exciting . . . Gertie, who often drops into my hide about cocktail time, affects to worry about what she calls my "feathered frenzy." "Darling," she says, "you're getting too, too Beverley."

D. GAIRDNER

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

I was prepared to dislike the place even before I came. There is nothing more exasperating than a mixture of town and country.

I arrived on the same day as swallows and house-martins. Now, swifts have joined them in aerobatic displays over the rancid tannery water.

The usual result of a man's cohabitation with a woman is to make him a little more petty, a little meaner, than he would have been. It was no surprise to me that birds suffered the same frailty. A pair of swans are sitting their eggs: this conjugal duty has turned the cob into a spiteful, pugnacious, and arrogant coxcomb.

Hundreds of common gulls squawk and squabble over the sewage works. This morning a gang of boys spent half an hour attacking them with pieces of coal from the tannery's stack. For the first time I did not entirely dislike the place.

L. V. BEHARRELL

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PUBLIC LECTURE

"SWEDENBORG AND THE NEW COSMOLOGY"

by Clifford Harley

at North Hall, Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1 on Wednesday the 6th June 1951 at 7.30 p.m.

Chairman: Professor Herbert Dingle

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CRICKET. Whoever wins the toss should ask for KING SIX Cigars. 1 9d. each.

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NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CANCER RELIEF

Appeal N.S., 48, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

CHESS: One man's meat . . .

No. 87

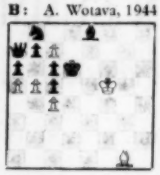
As likely as not it will be the other man's poison that we find on our plate. Even so, it may be a comforting thought that someone at any rate (albeit our opponent), will profit from what we cannot but consider our most outrageous misfortune. Whether or not there is an element of luck in Chess may be a moot point; but surely there is such a thing as the unpremeditated move, may be by a pawn which, like the *deus ex machina*, happens to be on just the right square and at just the right time to turn the tables. In the position above, left (reported by K. Richter), White felt despondent enough for what Germans call the *Rachieschach*, a last spiteful check or two, just to prolong the agony before resignation.

After Q-K8 ch the Black K, of course, had to go to B4, thereby allowing the Q another *Racheschach* at K5, and now, lo and behold, the White RP turned out to be quite some *deus ex machina*. Of course, there is the old duffer's maxim "Never miss a check, it *might* be mate!" May be, that was what Black had in mind when in the position above, right, he tried a check with his RP. Had White refused the gift and gone to R4, he would indeed be mated next move. So he took the P, but, alas, this too happened to lead to either mate or the loss of the Q within a few moves by means of Q-R6 ch, etc.

A: R. Fontana, 1945

In this week's competition, **A** in spite of a rather obvious "temptation," seems simple enough to merit a mere 5 points.

B: A. Wotava, 1944



C: J. Krejcik, 1944

But **B** and **C** may well be underrated with 6 and 7 points respectively. White to win in all three.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 12

A: (1) P-QKt8 (Kt) ch, R x Kt. (2) RP x R (Kt) ch, K-Q3. (3) P-QB8 (Kt), ch, K-K3. (4) P-Q8 (Kt) ch, B x Kt. (5) P x B (Kt) ch, K-B3. (6) P-Kt8 (Kt) ch, Q x Kt. (7) BP x Q (Kt) ch, R x Kt. (8) P x R (Kt) mate.

B: (1) O-O-O, K x P. (2) R-Q8, K x P. (3) R-Q7, K x P. (4) R-Q6, K x P. (5) R-Q5, K x P. (6) R-Q4, K x P. (7) R-Q3 and mates next move.

C: (1) R x P, Kt-Kt7. (2) R x P, Kt-Kt6. (3) R x P, B-Kt3. (4) R-R8 mate.

D: (1) Q-QR1, P-K6. (2) Q-R1 ch, P-K5. (3) Q-R5 ch, etc.
If (1) . . . P-Q6. (2) Q-B3, etc.

E: (1) P-KB3, P-K3 (or 4). (2) K-B2, Q-B3. (3) K-Kt3, Q x KBP ch. (4) K-R4, B-K2 mate.

F: (1) P-QR3, P-K4. (2) Kt-QB3, B x RP. (3) Kt-K4, B-B1. (4) R-R5, K-K2. (5) R x KP mate.

G: (1) P-K5, K-Kt2. (2) P-Q6, K-B1. (3) Kt-B7, Kt x Kt. (4) P x BP, Kt-Kt1. (5) P x KtP, Kt-B3. (6) K-R1, Kt-Kt1. (7) K-R4, P-B3. (8) P-R6 Kt x P. (9) K-R5, Kt-Kt1. (10) K-Kt6, P-B4. (11) K-B7, Kt-R3 ch. (12) K-K8, etc.

H: (1) K-Kt2, Kt x P ch. (2) K-B3, Kt-B8. (3) Kt-Q4 ch K x P. (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-Kt4. (5) Kt-R7 ch, K-R4. (6) B-K3, P-R6. (7) Kt-B6 ch, K-Kt4. (8) Kt-Q4 ch, K-R4. (9) B x Kt, P-R7. (10) B-B4, P queens. (11) B-B7 mate.

If (2) . . . Kt-Kt5. (3) Kt-Q4 ch, K x P. (4) K-B4.

If (2) . . . Kt-B5, the Black Kt gets lost after White's Kt ch, followed by K-B4, etc.

If (1) . . . P-R6 ch. (2) K-Kt1, followed by B-R2 and B-K5.

I was thrilled to see how competitors stayed the course of even this appalling Marathon, dropping none too many points. In some of the "freak" problems quite a few duals were discovered. They certainly get full marks. G and H, not unexpectedly, proved to be steep hurdles. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, C. Allen, J. B. Cock, Leslie Hale, G. Roblin. But they might just as [deservedly go to such stalwarts as Eric Allan, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, M. Kaye, H. F. Moxon, C. Sandberg.

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UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. There will be a vacancy in August next for a Senior Lecturer in Economics. Salary range £1,000–£1,250 (Australian) a year. Terms of appointment and a leaflet about the post may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The information to be supplied by applicants is specified in the terms of appointment. Applications in duplicate must reach the undersigned not later than June 30, 1951. A. W. Baragton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching of the Department. Duties to commence September 29, 1951. Applications must be sent not later than July 14, 1951 to the Registrars, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for Girls between the ages of 14–17 years (within the Home Office Approved School Service), Drewstead Rd., Streatham, S.W.16. The Managers invite applications for the following posts:—(1) Educational Psychologist, full-time or part-time non-resident. The successful applicant would be required to carry out mental testing, remedial coaching, and to advise on all matters relating to education in the school. Applicants should preferably be over 30 years of age, in which case salary will be within the scale £585, rising by annual increments of £20 to the maximum of £680 (Grade II). The precise point of entry upon the scale will depend upon the successful applicant's experience and qualifications. Candidates should give full details of their training, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees. (2) Qualified Teacher, non-resident. Applicants should be experienced, qualified teachers, interested in the problem of delinquency, to teach general subjects and handicrafts. Salary according to the Burnham Scale, plus three increments. (3) Housemistress and Relief Housemistress. These posts are resident and only suitable for women interested in the demanding adolescent girl. Applicants should have had experience of residential work, preferably with girls under observation, and be experienced in social work. Music and handicrafts an advantage. Commencing salary £290 or according to qualifications, less £78 for board residence. Applicants should be communicant members of the Church of England. Applications in each case should be sent to the Headmistress, giving age and full particulars of experience.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspector of Physical Education. Applications are invited from women for appointment as inspector of physical education in the London education service at a basic salary of £600 × £30–£810 × £35—£950 a year plus an addition of 10 per cent. on the first £600 and of 7½ per cent. on the amount by which salary exceeds £600 a year. In exceptional circumstances an appointment above the minimum may be made. The duties will be to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments, to organise and give courses of lectures for teachers and to perform such other duties as may be required. The staff of physical education inspectors includes two senior inspectors of physical education (one man, one woman) who exercise a general responsibility for physical education. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (EO Estab. 2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) should be returned not later than June 15, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies. (6477)

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of organising tutor for South Lincolnshire (Holland and South Kesteven). Applicants should be graduates able to offer subjects appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £450–£25 to £650. Commencing salary may be higher than the minimum according to qualifications and experience. It is hoped that the person appointed will be able to start on August 1. Application forms from J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, W.E.A., 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

WOMAN Sub-Warden for Settlement and to be responsible for Junior Girls' Clubs wanted in Sept. Accom. offered. Salary according to exp. and qualifications. Applications with two testimonials and refs. to: Organising Secretary, Time & Talents Assoc., 137 Bermondsey St., London, S.E.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Department. Cottage Homes, Counteshorpe, Nr. Leicester. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the posts of Superintendent and Matron at the Counteshorpe Cottage Homes. If a married couple are appointed, their appointment will be regarded as a joint one. Consideration will be given however to applications received from individual persons for either of the two posts. The Superintendent will be responsible for the internal administration of the Homes and for supervising the general welfare of the staff and children. He should be of good education, with high administrative ability and should have had considerable experience of handling staff and of work with children. The Matron, who must either be a State Registered Nurse or hold a recognised qualification in Domestic Subjects, will be responsible for the supervision of female staff and for all domestic arrangements. She will be expected to carry out the recommendations of the Medical Officer in regard to the health of the children. The National Joint Council's Salary Scales for Superintendents and Matrons of Children's Homes will apply, viz:—Superintendent: £367 × £20—£407 × £27—£434 per annum with the value of emoluments rising from £193 to £196 per annum. Matron: £322 × £15—£367 per annum with the value of emoluments rising from £193 to £196 per annum. The post is superannuable and the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, will apply. The successful applicants will be required to pass a medical examination. Forms of application and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom all completed forms should be returned by June 16, 1951. L. McEvoy, Town Clerk.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern Ireland district, invites applications for the post of Secretary from persons with organising experience and knowledge of W.E.A. work. Commencing salary £500 a year; pension scheme. Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary, W.E.A., 18 May St., Belfast, by whom application forms must be received not later than June 16, 1951.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Children's Officer, from qualified social workers with experience of work with children. Salary—Grade A.P.T.111, £500 × £15 to £545 per annum, plus London Weighting of £30 per annum (£20 per annum if under 26 years). Terms and conditions of appointment and application forms can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 3, Fell Rd., Croydon, to whom they must be returned not later than Monday, June 11, 1951. Canvassing will disqualify. E. Taberner, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Croydon.

KENT County Council. Children's Department. The Children's Committee of the Kent County Council invite applications for the appointment of Woman Welfare Officer in the two areas including Canterbury and Tunbridge Wells. Duties will include the selection of foster homes and the care of children boarded out under the provisions of the Children Act, 1948; enquiries in connection with children appearing before Juvenile Courts, and Adoption enquiries. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or appropriate academic qualification: previous experience in child care work is very desirable. Salary in accordance with the scale £440 a year rising by £15 yearly increments to £485 a year. The candidates appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointments will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned not later than June 11, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

PETERLEE Development Corporation. Appointment of Housing Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons, either male or female, for the appointment of Housing Officer in the Estates Department of the Peterlee Development Corporation, at a commencing salary of £400 per annum. The person appointed will be engaged, under supervision, on the general management of Corporation property including rent collection, repairs, maintenance and matters affecting the well-being of tenants. The possession of a certificate in Social Science would be an advantage but is not essential. The appointment, which is subject to one month's notice in writing on either side, will be superannuable and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Housing accommodation will be made available to the officer appointed. Persons who replied to the previous advertisement in respect of the appointment should not resubmit their applications. Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, together with the names of two referees, should be submitted to the undersigned not later than June 11, 1951. A. V. Williams, General Manager, Shotton Hall, Castle Eden, Co. Durham.

WELLINGBOROUGH C.L.P. Further applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Applic. forms may be obtained from T. R. McMahon, 28, Silver St., Wellingborough. Closing date extended to June 20.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

OXFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Care committee, Morland House, Wheatley. Applications are invited for the post of resident Deputy Superintendent at the above new Reception Home for boys and girls from 3 to 16 years of age. Applicants should have training or experience in the care of children. The Home is situated six miles from Oxford on the main London road. No unfurnished quarters. Salary, £312 per annum, less £60 per annum board-lodgings. The post is superannuable, and subject to a satisfactory medical examination, including an X-ray of the chest. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 103, Banbury Road, Oxford. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Department of Psychiatry. Part-time Educational Psychologist required to work in this Department for four sessions per wee , fee £2 2s. per session. Clinical training and experience essential. Ability to lecture and demonstrate desirable. Applications giving full details of qualifications and experience together with names of two referees should be addressed to the Secretary.

QUALIFIED Assistant Occupational Therapist required at Netherne Hospital, where there is much opportunity for interesting and progressive work. Applicants should be young and should believe more in the stimulation of their patients to free expression within the occupations they provide than in conventional instruction. Salary according to the Report of the Joint Negotiation Council. Applications, giving full details of qualifications, age and experience, should be sent to the Medical Superintendent as soon as possible.

CENTRAL Group Hospital Management Committee, St. Leonard's Hospital, Nuttall Street, London, N.1. (Acute General—164 Beds). Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons, for the appointment of Part-Time Educational Psychologist, which will entail one weekly attendance to undertake intelligence and personality testing in adults and children, referred by the Group Clinics. Payment will be made provisionally, at the rate of 11 guineas for each weekly session. Applications, giving details of experience and qualifications, together with copies of two testimonials, should reach the Medical Superintendent not later than June 15, 1951.

STAFF required for Citizens' Advice Bureaux in Metropolitan Boroughs of London. Candidates should have Social Science Diploma or experience in psychiatric social work. Salary £250—£350 p.a. Voluntary workers also required. Apply in writing: C.A.B. Liaison Officer, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

RESIDENT Worker (Woman) reqd.: to be responsible for Children's Clubs and help with other activities in small East End Settlement. Age 20-30. Salary £150 p.a. plus residence. For appt. mid-Sept. Box 3766.

MARKET research. Large organisation in London require an Assistant to the Manager of their Market Research Dept. Experience in economic or statistical analysis and market research desirable. Age not more than 35. Salary will be commensurate with experience and ability. Enquiries giving full details of age, exp. and qualifics. to Box 3669.

AN experienced Master reqd. Sept. in established recognised N. London Day and Boarding School, developing small department for psychological and educational research. Partnership offered. Box 3753.

WANTED, part-time Social Worker for Old Age Pensioners' Welfare in Malden. Some experience of Social Science Diploma desirable. Typing essential. Salary £150. Applications in writing to: O.P.W.A., 8 Malden Rd., New Malden, Surrey, by June 15.

AN experienced and efficient qualified kindergarten teacher needed to take charge of Kindergarten Dept. of modern N.W. London day School (recognised); Burnham Scale. Box 3752.

FEMALE Clerk required for Administrative Office, Co-operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Qualifications include good general clerical experience. Accomodation available for married applications in own handwriting stating age, educ., exp. and present wage, should be addressed to the College Administrative Officer.

CONFIDENTIAL Secretary required by General Manager of large chemical manufacturers in Manchester area. Excellent shorthand and typing speeds are essential, together with good experience and personal integrity. This position is an interesting and responsible one carrying an attractive salary. Applications should give full details of qualifications and experience. Box 3583.

ADULT Pool Shorthand-Typist, either sex, required. Varied and interesting work in pleasant friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £6 12s. 6d. per week, rising to £7 12s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Administrative Assistant, Transport and General Workers' Union, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

CORNWALL: delightful country hotel (urgently) requires 2 friends as chambermaid waitresses and general helps. Also good cook mid-July to mid-Sept. Chapman, Trerhartock Manor, Port Isaac, Cornwall.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TOM Driberg, M.P., urgently needs full-time private secretary. Apply, by typewritten letter, to House of Commons.

BUSINESS couple with elderly mother require companion housekeeper, willing, but not expected, to undertake all household duties. Daily help. Tel.: Popesgrove 4004 evenings. 14 Richmond Bridge Mansions, E. Twickenham, Middlesex.

TRAVEL Agency, London, req. jnr. shorthand typist, good educational background essential. Write Box N.S. 904 at 191, Gresham House, E.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

COUPLE, architect, cook-typist, seek residential post. Box 3359.

JUNE-Sept. Two young ladies, fluent French, German, Russian, typing, conscientious, wide interests, exc. refs., wish interesting work in London. Box 3357.

HUSBAND and wife (both LSE students) seek jobs, pref. together, for summer vacation. Husband exp. of managing retail grocery, some typing, holds driving licence. Wife 9 years' expr. shorthand typist inc. administrative. Both initiative, etc. Box 3258.

CAMBRIDGE English Graduate (2nd class), 24 yrs. exp. W.E.A., Univ. Extra-Mural, teaching, editing, writing, arts organisation, seeks full part time job in or near London from August. Box 3482.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

DON'T Stop Smoking. Try the famous Crescent Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4 ozs. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., of C.L.B. of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

LEARN Shorthand by July 2 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

BOYS' & Girls' Cellular Cotton Shirts (short sleeves). Yellow, Blue, Grey, Beige. Chest 22, 24, 26in., 6/- for 7/-; 28, 30, 32in., 6/6 for 8/6. Post free. Money refunded. W.E.S. (Dept. N.S.), 14 Ogle St., W.1.

PARACHUTES. Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d.; 4 panels 32s. 6d.; 8 panels 60s. New Irish Linen Lengths, Natural Shade, 6yds. × 32in., each 27s. New Off White Heavy Linen Lengths. Ideal for Furnishings, Loose Covers, etc. 78in. × 27in. approx. 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New Grey Linen Boxed Mattress Cases, size 6ft. × 2ft. 3in. approx. (Box 4) to 5in.), each, 22s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., N.16.

PARACHUTES. (1) Nylon. Peach, Pink or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in. 2 panels, 20s.; 4 panels, 37s. 6d.; 8 panels, 72s. 6d. (2) White Nylon: each panel 36in. × 132in. 2 panels, 27s. 6d.; 4 panels, 52s. 6d.; 8 panels, 100s. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., N.16.

NEW White Cotton Pillow Lengths. Superb quality. 3yds. × 38in. each 25s. 6d. Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each 36in. × 84in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d. Whole Pair, 52s. 6d. Post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

NEW White Cotton Lengths, Ideal for Sheets, Pillow Cases, etc., 6yds × 36in each 31s. 6d. New Beige Linen Lengths 3yds × 38in each 25s. Parachutes, Cream Cambric, 10 panels; each 36in × 60in. Whole Pair, 18s. 6d. Carr. Free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 63), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., N.16.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. To Gee at Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

"AFRICA & the Labour Movement," The Rookery, Oxford, July 14/21. Nationalism and Socialism; Domestic and Foreign Policy South Africa; Changing Structure Society; Science, Social Progress; Dr. Banda; Leonard Barnes; Ritchie Calder; The Rev. George Norton and others. Fees £4 5s. Pars., Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Summer University, July 7-August 4; sponsored by National Union of Students, International Student Service, United Nations Student Association. At University College of North Staffs, Stoke-on-Trent. Theme: Roads to Survival; lectures by eminent authorities, seminars, discussions. Varied social programme, excursions (including theatre parties to Stratford). Charge £5 10s. per week. Further details from Secretary, ISU, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY Music Week. August 11-18, at Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorkshire; Orchestral, Choral and Listening Groups, chamber music, recorders, madrigals, full recreational programme. Pamphlet from Sec., c/o Geo. A. Williams, Ltd., Darlington.

SHAKESPEARE Play Production. Special Summer Course at Dartington Hall, Devon, July 27 to August 12. Chief Lecturer: Mr. Michael Macowan. Vacancies for Men. Apply Training Department, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

ALPBACH European Forum. The Austrian College Society seventh International Summer Seminar in the Tyrol, August 17 to September 8, 32 guineas inclusive. Apply to Alpbach European Forum, 143 New Bond St., London, W.1. Telephone Harrow 1040.

A "FOREIGN Holiday in England." Join an international House Party by the sea or near London and spend an enjoyable open-air holiday with professional and university people from many countries. Foreign language tuition and exchange, tennis, bathing, excursions. Mid-July-beginning September. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911.

SAILING School & camping hol. during Aug in Devon. Canoes, dinghies, 4- & 9-tonners. Four Winds, Highfield, Leschworth.

BRITTANY Painting Group. Six weeks from July 9. 2gns. p.w. Write Smyth, 8A Heath Drive, N.W.3. Beginners welcome.

HILDE Holger Summer School of Modern Dance. July 16-July 28. For Dance Students, Teachers and all those interested in creative Dance. Prospectus, enquiries, etc., 27 Oval Rd., London, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley. Three Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving and other Crafts. July 22-Aug. 4; Aug. 5-18; Aug. 9-Sept. 1. Details from Principal.

PERSONAL

AUSTRIAN woman doctor would relieve mother or help generally in return for hospitality self and son aged 12 end July beginning of Sept. Write Mrs. Rather, Milton Cottage, Vale of Health, London, N.W.3.

YOUNG married woman with boy (2 yrs.) reqs. suitable accom., pref. sharing with similar lady/family. Willing exchange baby sitting. London area preferred. Box 3436.

EDUCATIONIST, specially eager to work with nervous, delicate children, but interested all, wants to hear from parents, etc., re need for progressive co-ed. school (perhaps boarding, food reform), outskirts town Kent, Hants, etc. Also from mature, potential partner (m.) with interest organic soil cultivation and/or creative—strong bee in bonnet re biology for children, arithmetic, crafts, woodwork, art. Box 3274.

BAR student, ex-officer, First Class Hons. (Oxford) Phil., Pol. Econ. (with Statistics), aks. work London, evgs., wk.-ends: research, admin., writing, lecturing, tutoring. Box 3253.

PH.D. Student Philosophy and History undertakes research and/or translation from Latin, French, Italian, German, Russian. Box 3227.

TOYNBEE Hall (the Universities' Settlement in East London) will shortly have available accommodation for six additional residents. University men who are interested in social questions and who wish to live at Toynbee Hall may obtain further information from the Sub-Warden, Toynbee Hall, E.1.

GLASGOW University Settlement has accommodation vacancies June, July, August. Full board, single bed-sitting rooms. Apply Warden, 77 Port St., Glasgow, C.3.

A COUNTRY house (10-12 rooms) wanted, rural area, pref. within 25 miles of N. London, for boarding house of London day school; large gdn./nearby open space. Possibility of present owners sharing. Box 3754.

JEWISH lady required to share expenses and interests with elderly active widow in comfortable ultra-modern flat. Write: Dale, 64, Dorchester Court, Herne Hill, S.E.24.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

AUSTRIAN holidays in the Tyrol and near Salzburg. Come and join one of our small parties of professional people, June to Sept. Bathing, good walking, interesting company; also house party holidays in Britain, near London or by the sea. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

PERSONAL—continued

TO let, self-contd. flat on housebost. One double, two or three single cabins. Calor gas cooking, elec. light. In pleasant surroundings, friendly atmosphere. Write Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

NEW caravan to let, 4-berth. All amenities. Own choice of site. Box 3217.

HOUSE party Devon. August. Vacancies for young people. Box 3397.

INTERESTING person (or 2) reqd. accompany 3 expd. travellers (writer, architect & wife) taking new car caravan tent, France, Italy 6 wks., starting Aug. 8. Box 3349.

NEW Forest. Caravan, furnished, 2-3. Beautiful private site. Leek, Godsfull, Fordingbridge.

CHILDREN'S camp. A camping holiday for boys and girls over 11 yrs. August 1-15. Sea coast Isle of Wight. 3gns. p.w. Particulars from Burgess Hill School, Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3.

ZEST for work & pleasure! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime in a delightful bijou Guest House will restore mental and physical poise and vigour to the tired personality. Brochure: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. Hastings 2432.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, Socials, Plays, etc., 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

PARIS—with a difference. Specially planned, flexible programmes for individuals or small groups in company with cultured Parisians. Sleeping in a comfortable hotel, you can, if you wish, see Paris as an unusually privileged visitor under the egis of Pounfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

OFFICERS and Executives Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

CORSICA. An enchanting fortnight under canvas amongst the pines by the Mediterranean. Perfect climate and wonderful scenery. Swimming, games, dancing, etc. Good food. By air from London, including 2 nights in Paris, £39. Also individual holidays arranged. Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd. (Corsica Tourist Office), 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

JOIN our Tyrolean tours, July 21-Aug. 6, train only £28 incl. July 28-Aug. 11, air and train, £28 10s. incl. Also other tours. Dr. Beer, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

CANAL Cruising Co., Stone, Staffs., have 2-6-berth cruisers vacant June, July, Sept. Wide choice of lovely routes.

LONDON Panel of Personal Consultants. Please write for brochure to the Hon. Secretary, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 3561.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

CAPRI holiday. Join my small party visiting also Paris, Rome, Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento, Pompeii. 17 days incl. 49gns. Full details: Mr. John Lamming, Allways Travel, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Cha 6436/7.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kõllerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

DO You Write? Then apply to-day for Free Lesson and Plot Guide which will show you how to achieve success, also your copy of "Authorship" giving details of famous Courses by Beverley Nichols, Enid Blyton, John Brophy, etc. Your MS. criticised without fee or obligation. School of Authorship, Ltd. (JP88), 8 Duke St., London, W.1.

WE specialise in seas/de hols. (not camps) for boys & girls: brochure: Junior Holidays, 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

CHILD Psychologist. Hons. Graduate. Experienced Clinical and County Psychologist. Advice on all educational problems. Remedial teaching for backward children. FREmantle 0639 or write Box 3398.

ROBUTTI Clinic, Alassio, Italian Riviera. Superbly situated Private Clinic for the care and treatment of physical and psychosomatic illness (including asthma and anxiety states); also for convalescence and high protein diet. X-Rays, physical therapy, etc. English and Italian speaking physicians and nurses. Enquiries: Secretary, 3, Upper Brook St., W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try nerve manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment, recommended by med. pract. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

PERSONAL—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science—Register of Graduates, 1895-1949. The Register is now under revision. Any graduates, or students holding certificates or diplomas, who have not received, or have not replied to, the School's requests for information, are asked to write to the Registrar, London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2.

THE Three Best Coach Tours! All Spain, 21 days, 75gns. A conducted tour by luxury motor coach, first-class hotels, all meals, sight-seeing, shows, bull fights, etc., included. Or—Spain and Portugal 20-day tour 75gns., or Italy 18 days 75gns. Vacancies May to September. Also many inexpensive rail tours in Europe. Write for free brochures: Bridge Tours (N.S.N.), 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. Tel.: AMBassador 4434 (Nr. Edgware Road and Baker St.).

SEE Spain this Summer, Autumn or Winter. 14 wonderful days on the Costa Brava from £26 3s. 3d. Palma de Mallorca from £26. Malaga from £28 7s. All fully inclusive. Special Cruises. July 6: Pilgrimage cruise to Holy Land. (Haifa - Nazareth - Jerusalem-Naples). Cost from £171 10s. July 17: Marseilles - Algiers - Casablanca - Cadiz - Lisbon-Bordeaux), and August 24 (Bordeaux-Vigo-Lisbon-Malaga-Palma-Marseilles), both from £48. Send now for full details to: See Spain, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., W.C.1. (Entrance Dyott St.).

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley. 1-4 wk. Pottery, Alabaster & Wood Sculpting and Weaving courses up to July 21.

BARCELONA & Costa Brava, 15 days. Mixed party more interested in people than fashion leaves June 29 & Sept. 2. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. MUS. 5395.

PARIS Holiday Centre. 7 days all-inclusive from London £12. Biarritz, June 30-July 12, £20 5s. Amsterdam, air return only, £6. I.U.S.Y., 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners" at St. Thomas' Church, Regent St., evgs. 8.30. Tues. & Sat. 6.30 & 8.30. "1s. 6d., 3s., 2s. 6d. Big. WAT. 4723, at Church or Agencies.

ARTS (Tem. 3334), 7 (ex M.), St., Sun., 5 & 8. Shaw Festival. Prog. 2. "Shaw at his greatest," D. Exp.; "Hugely entertaining," D. Her. Tu. nat., 7. Prog. 1. Mems.

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EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until June 17. Hampstead Drama Festival. From June 18: Astair & Rogers in "Top Hat" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 3, 7.15. "Les Enfants du Paradis" (A).

DOCUMENTARY Film in Great Britain. A series of programmes on its history is being presented by the British Film Institute for its Special Members. Films (in whole and extract) will include "Spare Time," "Coalface," "North Sea," "David," "Western Approaches" and others. Details of membership may be obtained from 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

NEW Era Film Club. "Daughters of China," first film from "New China." stirring story of Chinese women in Fight for Freedom. Also "Daybreak in Udi." British Film Academy Award. Thurs. and Fri., June 7 and 8, 7.30. Details tickets & membership: A. Miller, 40a Hermon Hill, E.11.

GREAT Hall, Hampton Court Palace. The London Opera Club's Festival Production: 6 performances of "Michael and Francis" and "The Judgement of Paris" (Eccles), July 23 to July 28, 8 p.m. Join now to secure preferential seat allocation. Engs.: Hon. Sec., 37 Kingswood Court, N.W.6.

BACH: 7 Recitals incl. other organ music, Thursdays, 6.30 p.m., beginning June 7, by William J. Tubbs, Holy Trinity, St. Marylebone (opp. Gt. Portland St. Stn.).

RECITALS of English Song (presented by the B.B.C.). Wigmore Hall, Mon. next, at 8. Seventeenth-, Eighteenth-, Nineteenth, Twentieth-century composers. Soloists: Isobel Baillie, Anne Wood, Richard Lewis, Gordon Clinton, Frederick Stone. Tickets: 9s. and 6s. from Hall (Wel. 2141), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd.

THE Bach Choir, Royal Albert Hall, Sunday, June 3, at 11 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. St. Matthew Passion (Bach). Soloists: Elsa Mitchell, Marjorie Thomas, William Herbert, Richard Lewis, Gordon Clinton, Richard Standen, The Jacques Orchestra. Conductor: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., from Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

HUDDERSFIELD Choral Society, Royal Festival Hall, Sunday, June 10, at 8 p.m. Mass in D (Beethoven). Soloists: Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Gladys Ripley, Heddle Nash, Gordon Clinton. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets: 10s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d. Also 3s. standing 2s., from Box Office, Royal Festival Hall (Wat. 3191), usual Agents, and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. (Wel. 8418).

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. L.R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues., June 5, at 7.30. Arnold Bax: Nonet, for Woodwind, Strings, Harp. Phyllis Tate: Songs of Sundry Natures, for Baritone, Wind Quartet and Harp. (First performance in London.) Paul Hindemith: Horn Sonata. G. F. Malipiero: Sonata a cinque. Lennox Berkeley: Five Songs of Walter de la Mare. Racine Fricker: Wind Quintet. Eric Solomon: Frederick Fuller, Ernest Lush, Maria Korchinska, James W. Merrett, Dennis Brain Wind Quintet. Aeolian String Quartet. Tkts: 5s. R.B.A. Galleries & Chappell's (May. 7600).

SUMMER School (Director of Music: William Glock. Secretary: John Amis). Bryanston, Dorset. Aug. 11-Sept. 1. Elisabeth Schumann, Dennis Matthews, Aeolian Quartet, Earl of Harewood, Gonzalo Soriano, Kalmar Orchestra conducted by Roger Desormiere, Alfred Deller, Flora Nielsen, Antony Hopkins, Imogen Holst, Wilfred Mellers, Boris Blacher, William Glock, Olive Zorian. Send 2½d stamp for Illustrated Prospectus to The Secretary, 29 Holland Villas Road, London, W.14.

MARTIN Peerson Tercentenary Concert. London Music Group. 8.15 p.m., Tues., June 12, at Cowdray Hall, Henrietta St. W.1. Tickets: Keith Prowse and Hall on night.

RECITAL of Shostakovich's "Song of the Forests" and other new Soviet tape recordings. Sat., June 2, 3 p.m. S.C.R. Music Section, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

FESTIVAL of Britain River Cruise with private party, June 30. Details, Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., June 5, at 7.45 p.m. Musical Evening of gramophone records of music by Janacek, Mica and Smetana, introduced by Mr. H. C. Sear. You are cordially invited.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (LANgham 6593). Dancing to a first-class band on Saturday, June 2, from 7.30-11 p.m. Spot prizes, etc. 81 Portland Place, W.1. Entrance: 2s. members, guests 3s.

DANCE org. by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., June 2, 7.30, St. Martin's School of Art, Charing X Rd. Members & friends of Fabian Soc. only. Adm. 4s. by tkt.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Informal Party at Tate Gallery, June 8. Films based on work of Giotto, Carpaccio, Bosch and Braque. Galleries on view including "Turner Collection from Petworth." Tickets 6s. 6d. (incl. refreshments) for C.A.S. mems.

TATE Gallery Restaurant. C. A. S. members wishing to dine in the Rex Whistler Room at the Gallery on June 8 should reserve a table. (VICtoria 6754.)

CONTEMPORARY Art Society: Anyone wishing to join should apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1 (Sub. from 1gn.)

SUNDAY, June 3, 3 p.m., at the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage. Sir Ralph Richardson will open the Hampstead Artists Council Exhibition of "Hampstead To-day," a selection of paintings from the studios of contemporary Hampstead artists.

ARTISTS for Peace: Three days only. International Exhibition including works by Picasso, Laglenne, Minton, Pasmore, Hilder and many Continental artists. Unique opportunity to see and buy contemporary international art. Works donated by artists to be sold for the funds of the British Peace Committee. Chenil Gallery, adjoining Chelsea Town Hall, King's Rd., S.W.3. June 4, 5 & 6. 10 a.m.-7.30 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters: Cezanne, Degas, Manet, Renoir, etc. Div., 10-5. Sat., 10-12.

NEW Paintings of London by Piero Sansalvadore. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St. W.1. June 5-July 6. 10-5. Sat. 10-1. In aid of The Save the Children Fund.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. Div. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Children under 5 not admitted.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

SPLENDID Occasions: an exhibition of old prints and panoramas. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. First Exhibition in England of Sculpture and Drawings by Marino Marini. Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HENRY Moore. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till July 29. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., Old Bond St., W.1. "The English Scene": Important British Paintings from 3 Centuries. Romney, Constable, Palmer, Whistler, Sickert, etc. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

BRITISH Painting, 1925-1950 (First Annual Exhibition). Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. An Arts Council Exhibition. Open till June 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Abstract Art; also A.I.A. 1951 Lithographs. 11-6 incl. Saturdays.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Michael O'Connell, "Decor in Dyes." Designs for new British and Foreign architectural settings. Until June 30.

20TH Century Poetry, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Books, Manuscripts, Portraits, Lectures, Readings. 10-6.

ARCADE Gallery, a great period of English painting; Elizabethan portraits. Royal Arcade, 28 Old Bond St.

EUGENE Boudin (1824-1898), Oils and Watercolours. Closing June 2. From June 4: Louis Le Brocquy, Recent Oils & Tapestries. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1.

PAINTINGS by James Dring. June 1-30. Paul Alexander Gallery, 190 Kensington Church St., W.8.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

TWENTY Brook Street. Re-opens June 6. Modern Masters and Artists of To-day.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays, 10-5.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Israeli Arts and Crafts, at The Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun., 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m. Until June 17. Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED. The Turnstile Print of Picasso's painting "Flowers: 1903" from the Tate Gallery is now published at £2 10s. plus purchase tax £1 3s. 9d., available at 11 Gt. Turnstile and all good print shops in U.K.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Festival Exhib. of Members' Work. 10-5. May 19-June 14. Adm. 1s.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec: Paintings and Drawings at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1, until June 30.

THE Historic Plate of the City of London. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until June 16. Weekdays 10.30-6.30. Admission 2s.

BLACKHEATH Art Society. Annual Exhibition. Tranquil Hall, Blackheath Village. May 27-June 10. Daily 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m.-7 p.m.

FIVE Irish Painters. First Exhibition in England; 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1, Tooth's, 31 Bruton St., W.1.

SHERLOCK Holmes Exhibition, Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1. May 22-Sept. 22. 10.30 to 7.30 (except Sundays). 1s. adults, 6d. children.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON County Council. International Sculpture Exhibition, Battersea Park.—A lecture entitled "Modern Sculpture Abroad" by Professor N. Pevsner, Ph.D., Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Cambridge, will be given at the Henry Jarvis Hall, Royal Institute of British Architects, 66, Portland Place, W.1, on Thursday, June 7, at 6.30 p.m. The lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides. Admission is free. Graham Savage, Education Officer, The County Hall, S.E.1. (6101)

FESTIVAL Exhibition "Theatres of North London." Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave. (nr. Sadler's Wells). June 5-16; 2-8 p.m. daily. Wed., June 6, 7 p.m. Lecture by Richard Southern on "The Siege of Rhodes," first English opera, 1656.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four Lectures on "The Quartets of T. S. Eliot" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Mon. to Thurs., June 4 to 7. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

"WORLD Religion and National Religion." —Lecture by Rabbi Dr. Leo Baeck (2nd Annual Claude Montefiore Lecture). Tues., June 5, 8.15 p.m., at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welc.

DRAMA of Faith and Belief. World Congress of Faiths lectures. Adm. 1s. Caxton Hall, 7.30, Tuesdays. June 12: Man's Unending Quest, Principal Raymond Holt; June 19: Expressed in Literature, Richard Church; June 26: Illustrated in Drama, C. B. Purdom; July 3: Reflected in Art, Dr. W. J. Stein; July 10: Shape of Religion to Come, Rev. Tyssul Davis; July 17: Impact of Science, Canon C. E. Raven.

A.Sc.W. Festival Lectures, Caxton Hall, 7.30 June 5, Lord Halsbury on "Science and Industry." Chairman, Professor F. M. S. Blackett, F.R.S. June 15, Dr. J. Bronowski on "Science and Power." Chairman, Lord Haden-Guest. Each lecture commences at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. obtainable from Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon St., W.1, or at the door.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mon., June 4, 7.30 p.m. National Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Further Education and County Colleges": R. H. Prideaux, M.A. (Oxon), Principal of S. Herts Further Education Centre. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Socy. (LAN. 6593). Brains Trust. Cllr. M. Blaston, Mr. N. Counihan, Rev. Stanley Evans and 2 Polish mems. Chair: Mrs. A. Herbert. Fri., June 8, 7.45. 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

M. L. BURNET: "Humanism and the Possibilities of a New Life." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, June 3, at 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. June 7: "Existence of God." All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., June 6, 6.30, "Buddhism and Christianity." Mr. W. A. Purfurst.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 3: J. Hutton Hynd, "Religious Conflict in the U.S.A." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. June 9 at 6 p.m. Regina Klempert: Lecture Recital of German Lieder.

"A NEW City is Born." Lecture by Mr. Desmond Buckle, June 7, 8 p.m. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Free.

INST. of Contemporary Arts, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. June 6th: Platform for Poets. 8th: Recordings—Gian Carlo Menotti. New members welcome.

MR. Warner Allen will speak at Caxton Hall, Room 15, on Thurs., June 7, 8.0, on "Beyond Human Consciousness." All welc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WILSON Midgley on "The Brontes in Sunshine," Sat., June 2, at 3 p.m. L. A. G. Strong, Reading His Own Work, Thurs., June 7, at 6.15 p.m., Lecture Theatre, Victoria & Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sunday, June 3, 3 p.m. "Chain Soutine." Illustrated lecture by Archibald Ziegler. Wed., June 6, 8 p.m. "Bloch's Sacred Service." Illustrated lecture by Rose L. Henriques. Non-members, 1s.

FRANK Thompson. Memorial meeting, Hampstead Town Hall, June 11, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Peter Wright, Kenneth Syers and Edward Thompson. Chair: E. V. Tempest. Selected readings from Frank Thompson's works by Alec McCrindle. Org. by Committee Friendship with Bulgaria. Tickets 1s.

"WHAT I saw in Korea," Mrs. Monica Felton, Member of the International Fact Finding Commission reports to the people of London at 2 meetings on Tues., June 5—Hammersmith Town Hall, at 7.15 p.m.; Hampstead Town Hall, at 8 p.m. Supporting speakers: Dora Russell, Alun Falconer. Adm. at doors, 6d. Arr. by the Britain-China Friendship Assocn.

NEW Renascence School, 20 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, S.W.7. Thurs., June 7, 7 p.m.: "The Old Imperial China," by Dr. Victor Purcell, C.M.G. Open to non-mems.

BRIGHTON: Anti-War public meeting. National speakers. Royal Pavilion, Friday, June 8, 7.15.

CARIBBEAN Labour Congress. L.B.C. Annual General Meeting. Sunday, June 3, 2-6 p.m. Trade Union Club, Gt. Newport St. (Leicester Sq.). Guest: John Platts-Mills. Members and friends welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. June 3: What is Theosophy?

PERSONALIST Group. A. J. Leahy on "Nietzsche, the Creator of Modern Ethics." Conway Hall, Fri., June 8, 7.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SOCIALISM in International Affairs. Geoffrey Bing, M.P., William Warbey. Week-End School for Labour Party members, June 9, 10. Elfinsward, Haywards Heath. Charge 18s. Apply G. Fishwick, Victory for Socialism, 4 Grey Close, N.W.11.

PENDLEY Manor. Photographic Week-end. From Friday evening, July 13, to Monday morning, July 16. Amateur Photographers, whether experts or beginners, are invited to this short course on Photography. Guests are invited to bring their cameras, and a section of prints for discussion and criticism by experts. Opportunities will be given for taking good photographs both outdoors and in. Lecturers include: C. K. Neale, A.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., C. H. Silver. Fees: 2 guineas incl. Apply to the Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring 2302.

THE Ages of Discovery. One week residential course, June 17-23, on the narratives of great explorers and the reflections of new discoveries and new science in English Literature 1450-1650. All-in fee £5 5s. For details and application form apply Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. June 15-17: "The interplay of individual and society within the field of their mutually created unity." J. N. Glaister. "Effect of Puritanism on the individual's social relationships," F. N. Gollop. Checkendon 221.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 25gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals and lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

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